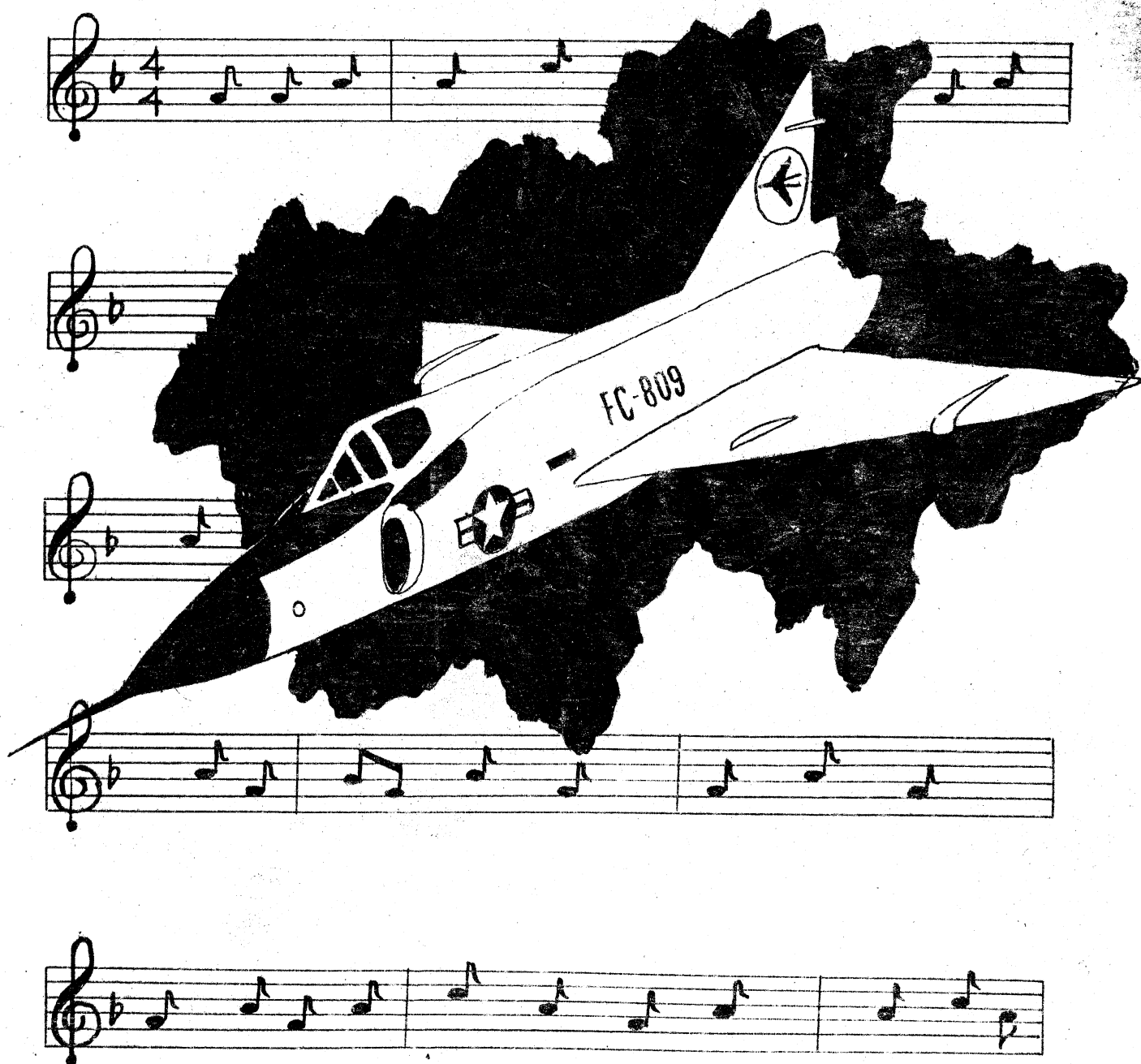


Stovepipe Serenade



318th FIS

Copyright 1956

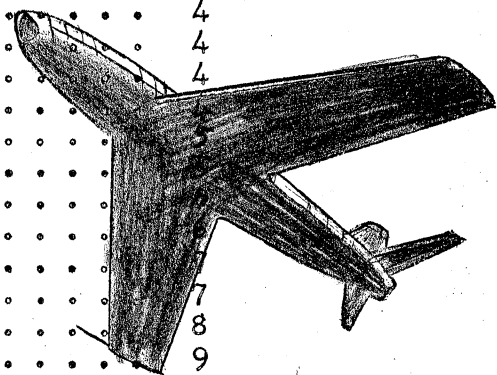
STOVEPIPE SERENADE

1956 Edition

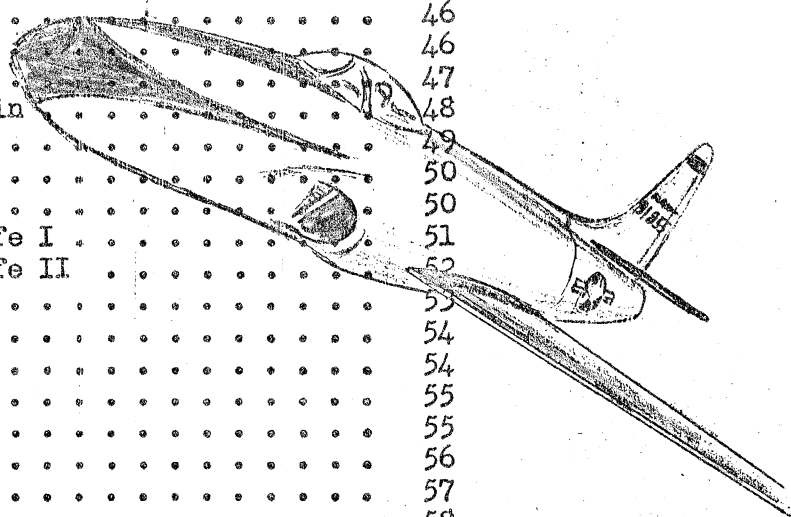
L. L. Gue Jarhead
from Yonkers

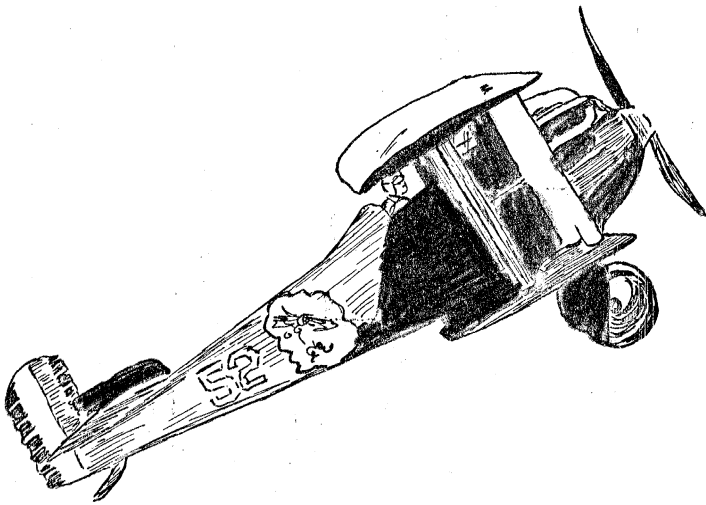
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INTRODUCTION TO THE 1956 EDITION

The 1954 Edition of "Stovepipe Serenade," seventy-five copies in all, has by now found its way to pilot's lounges as far away as Alaska, Japan, and England. The 1956 Edition has been prepared for the many people who wrote in requesting song books after the supply of Edition 1954 had been exhausted. Here you are, you patient people, and I hope you will consider the wait worth while. All of the songs from the 1954 Edition are included, plus many, many new ones.

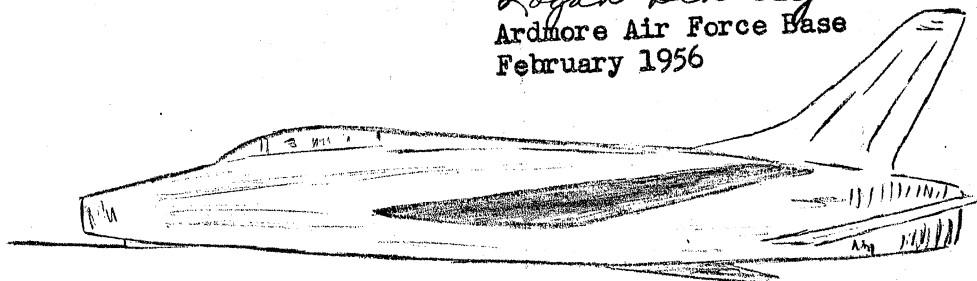
Occasionally you will find several versions of such songs as "A Fighter Pilot Lay Dying" and "I Wanted Wings." Many of the songs currently popular with today's birdmen were sung by their fathers and uncles in the First World War and have subsequently appeared in various forms. They are included for historical interest.

In every case where the tune to a song was known, it has been indicated. If you come across a song such as "I Wanted Wings" or "Come on and Join the Air Force" and don't know the tune, ask around and chances are you'll find some old-timer who knows it. If you become desperate, give me a call and I'll try to help you out. (No collect calls at 2 A.M. please!)

Suggestions, comments and contributions to a 1957 Edition are earnestly solicited. While they last, copies of this edition are available on request.

Happy Singing!

Logan Bentley
Ardmore Air Force Base
February 1956



ACKNOWLEDGMENT

It would be impossible to list individually all the people who assisted in the preparation of this collection. A partial list follows, as well as a list of song books given or loaned to me which were used extensively in "Stovepipe Serenade." Every effort has been made to give proper credit where it is due.

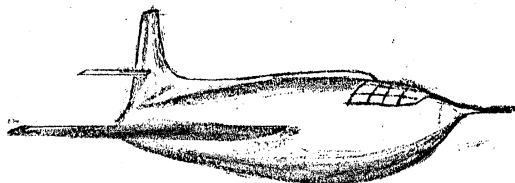
The publication of "Stovepipe Serenade" would not have been possible without the loyal assistance of some Troop Carrier types who would blush to have their names mentioned in a book devoted for the most part to fighter-type songs. To them I am most grateful. Remember, you jet jockeys, lest you make a snide remark about "Trash Carriers"!

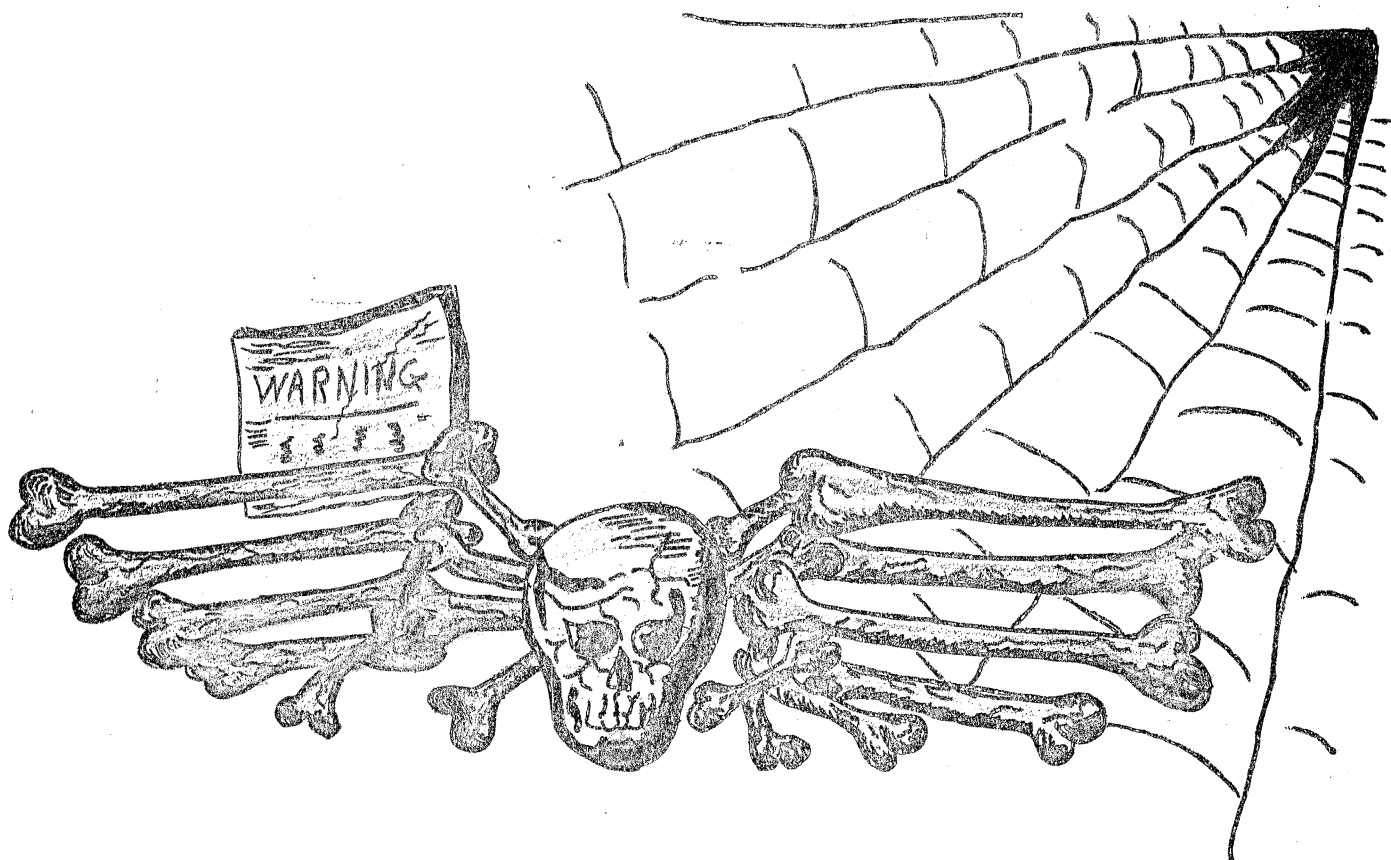
My heartfelt thanks also go to Mrs. Stanley G. Houghtby, who started me on this project four years ago; Lt. Robert Binderim, who assisted nobly in the time-consuming and tedious editing of the collection and who contributed many fine illustrations; Miss Gay McIver, who helped with much of the typing; and to my own wonderful father and mother, who have put up with me these many years and stood loyally by during my struggles with "Stovepipe Serenade."

Capt. Clark B. Smith
Capt. John J. Eickholt
Capt. George S. Thomas
Capt. Thomas E. Perfili
Capt. Albert T. Hamby
Capt. Bruce D. Jones
Col. Leland Johnson
Capt. Van Steenberg
Lt. Donald R. D'Amico
Capt. Peter B. Van Brussel

Capt. Francis N. Satterlee
Capt. James A. "Red" Pryor
Capt. Robert F. Daley
Capt. R. L. Hellwege
Capt. James F. Low
Capt. James Jordan
Mr. Penny Bower
Lt. John S. Robertson
Capt. Harry E. Mulholland
Fairchild Aircraft Corporation

"Songs of the Army Flyers," published 1937 by Order of the Dadelians
"Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Wing" compiled 1952 by Willy Williams
"Songs of the Friendly 8th" compiled by the 8th Bomb Squadron, 3d Bomb Wing, Korea
"Songs of Squadron Officers Course," compiled 1953
"Songs of 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled 1954 at Hamilton Air Force Base, California. (325th has been re-designated 83d FIS)
"Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" compiled 1952 by Capt. George S. Thomas
"Songs My Mother Never Taught Me" published by 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing, Korea
"Songs of the 327th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron," compiled by Mr. Penny Bowers, North American Aviation, Korea
"Songs of Nellis Air Force Base" contributed by Lt. Jim Guffey
"The Three Hats," Volumes I and II
"GI SONGS," published by Sheridan House, N.Y., 1944
"The American Songbag" published by Harcourt, Brace & Company, N.Y., 1927
"So Little Time" published by Little, Brown & Company, Boston, 1943



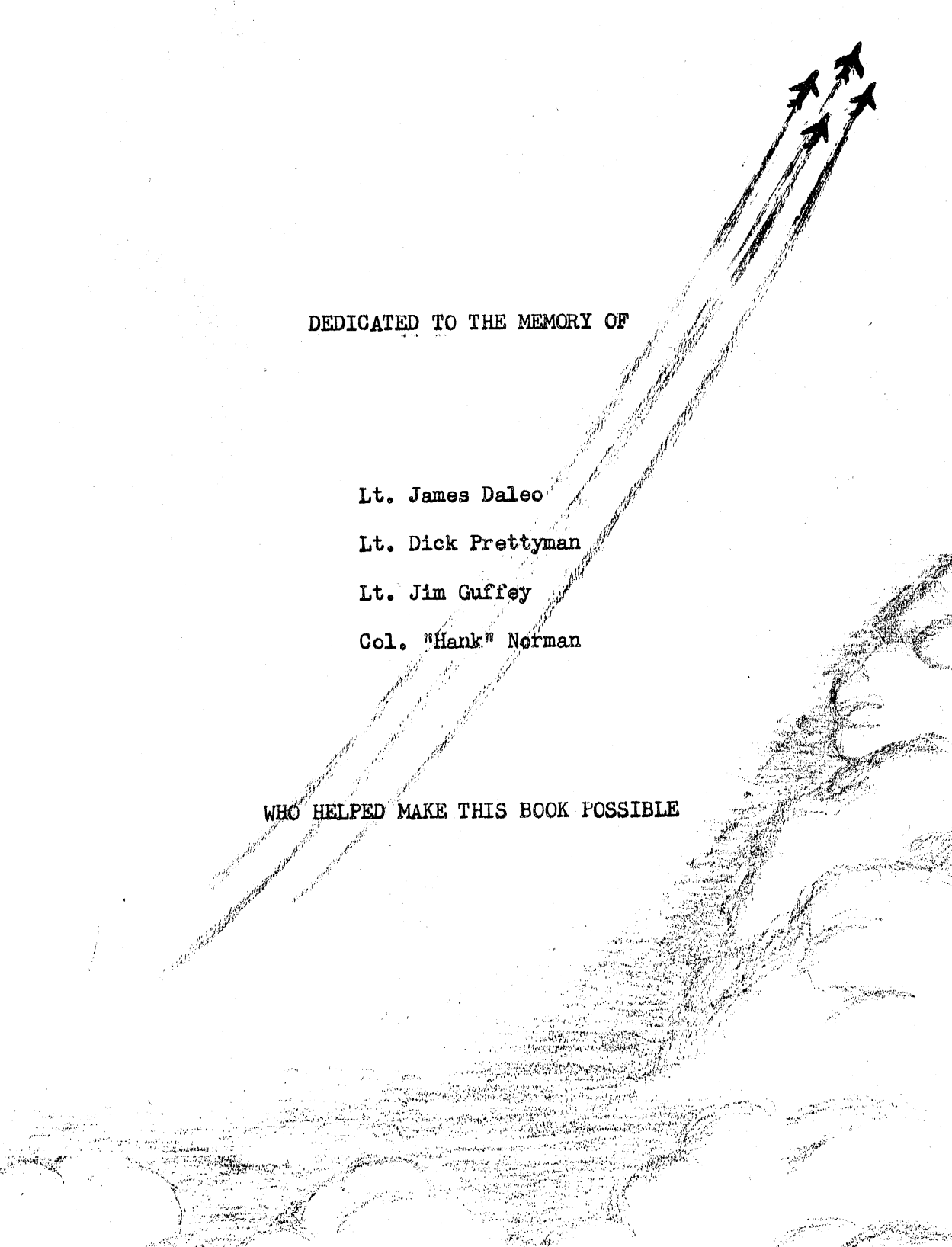


This is a "word of warning" - a warning to those readers whose tender sensibilities may, or more accurately will, be offended by the language of these ballads. But it is no apology to them. For these are songs that are sung by flying officers and men throughout the English speaking world. They reflect the manners of men at war, the morals of pilots who drink to forget for an evening the combat mission they must fly at dawn. Many of these lyrics were adopted to the Korean "situation" after becoming popular among the same warriors during World War II, and at least one or two were sung around the campfires on the eve of Gettysburg.

It follows, therefore, that they are not the product of a particular degenerate generation. They are instead, as they always have been, an integral part of military life in the field, no more and no less so than a cold tent, bathing in a helmet, dehydrated potatoes and dysentery.

You must accept or ignore them as we accept or ignore the conditions that inspired their authors to write them and us to sing them.

(From "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," 18th Fighter-Bomber Wing)



DEDICATED TO THE MEMORY OF

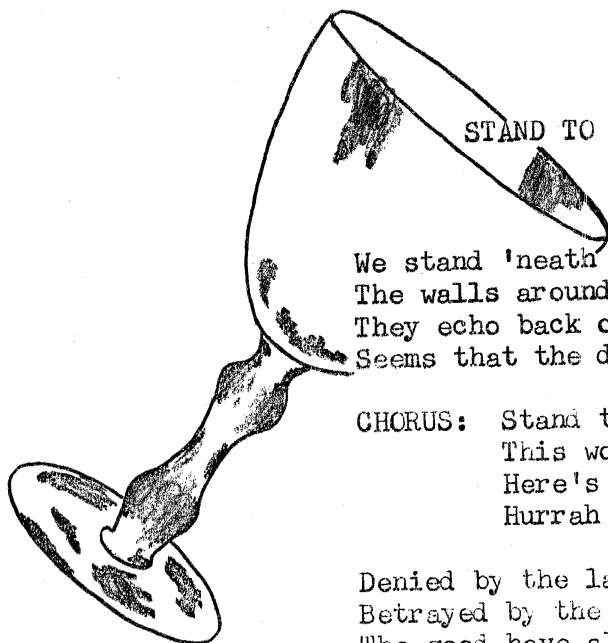
Lt. James Daleo

Lt. Dick Prettyman

Lt. Jim Guffey

Col. "Hank" Norman

WHO HELPED MAKE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE



STAND TO YOUR GLASSES

We stand 'neath resounding rafters
The walls around are bare
They echo back our laughter
Seems that the dead are all there.

CHORUS: Stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
Here's a health to the dead already
Hurrah for the next man to die.

Denied by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

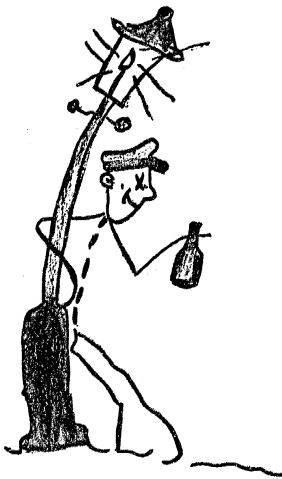
We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone.

In flaming Spad and Camel
With wings of wood and steel
For mortal stakes we gamble
With cards that were stacked for the deal.

(Verses of this song appear as part of several other songs included in this collection. This is believed to be close to the original song which came out of the first world war, and is copied in its entirety from "Songs of the Army Flyers.")

PARTIES, BANQUETS, AND BALLS

(Tune: Take Me Out To The Ballgame)



Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
As President Truman has said before
There's only one way to stay out of a war
That's with Parties, Banquets, and Balls, boys,
Parties, Banquets, and Balls
We'll have Parties and Banquets
And Banquets and Parties
And Balls, Balls, Balls!

PARTIES

Oh, parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
Parties make the world go round
So-o-o-o-o Let's have a party!



We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
We're never too busy to say hello
HELLO - HELLO - HELLO!

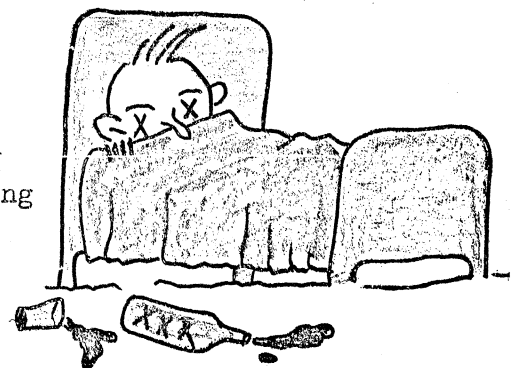
SQUADRON SONG

Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5
You've heard so much about
Mothers keep their daughters in
Whenever we go out!

We're always full of whiskey
We're always full of booze
Oh, we are the boys from 3-2-5
Now who the hell are yooze?

As we go marching
And the band begins to P-I-A-Y
You can hear the people shouting
Raggedy Razz, Raggedy Razz
3-2-5 on parade!

Whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, whowawa
Who owns this club, the people cried
We own this club
We own this club
Three twenty fifth squadron we replied!!



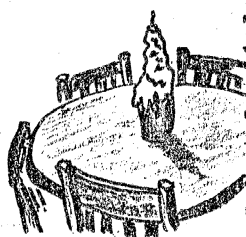
Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil
 Lives on top of garbage hill
 Never took a bath
 Never will
 Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil!

WE HEARD YOU WHEN YOU SANG

_____, _____, we heard you when you sang
 We don't like it, but we'll listen,
 For tomorrow you'll probably prang.



This is table number one,
 Number one, number one,
 This is table number one,
 Where in the hell is two?



This is table (Squadron number)
 Who in the hell are you?

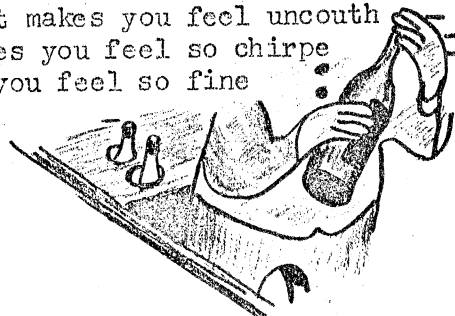
This is table BEST OF ALL
 BEST OF ALL, BEST OF ALL
 This is table BEST OF ALL
Who in the hell are you?

BEER SONG

For it's beer, beer, beer,
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the corps, in the corps
 For it's beer, beer, beer
 That makes you want to cheer
 In the Tro-o-o-p Carrier Corps!

My eyes are dim, I cannot see
 I have (HI) not (HO) brought my
Specs with me!

Whiskey that makes you feel so frisky
 Gin that makes you want to sin
 Vodka that makes you feel to hotka
 Old Saturn that makes your belly burn
 Old Vermouth that makes you feel uncouth
 Bourbon that makes you feel so chirpe
 Wine that makes you feel so fine



ONE HAND ON THE THROTTLE

One hand on the throttle

(Repeat)

One hand on the bottle

(Repeat)

Both feet in my pockets

(Repeat)

Off we go into the wild blue yonder

.... Crash!

Fighter Squadron

I love a billboard, I always will

A sexy billboard gave me

My first thrill

When I was only a little child

A sexy billboard drove me wild.

HERE'S TO

Here's to , he's true blue

He's a drunkard through and through

He's a drunkard, so they say

Oh he might go to heaven, but he went
the other way.

So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug

So drink " "

OLD
PASSER'S

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

Let's have a party, let's have some fun

Let's have a party, the Fighter Group is here
tonight

Break right, break left, streamers off the wing

Snap dragons, sweet rolls, we do everything

We say the joy boys from Itazuke

hello, hello, hello-o-o!

HISTORY OF A SONG

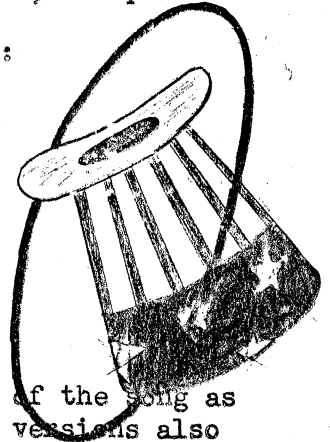
The following example is offered to show how a song has remained consistently popular with the troops for over forty years.

"The Passing Pilot," as it was called in the First World War, is a universal favorite today under the title "Beside a Korean (Guinea) Waterfall." The best explanation of its origin I have been able to find appears in the introduction to John P. Marquand's book, "So Little Time."

Mr. Marquand says: "... a song about 'looking for a happy land where everything is bright' has been used frequently and is seldom quoted in exactly the same way, since it was a parody fashioned in the First World War and still, as far as can be discovered, is word-of-mouth. It was parodied from a song, 'The Dying Hobo' which appears in the anthology by Sigmund Spaeth, 'Weep Some More, My Lady.'"

On page 548 of "So Little Time" the following lines appear:

"We're going to a happy land
Where everything is bright
Where the highballs grow on bushes
And we stay out every night
Where you never lift a finger
Nor even darn your socks
And little drops of Haig and Haig
Come trickling down the rocks."



On this and the following two pages are presented versions of the song as sung in World War I, World War II, and the Korean War. Similar versions also appear in the following collections: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of Nellis AFB."

THE PASSING PILOT I

Beside a Belgian water tank one cold and wintry day
Beneath his busted engine a young observer lay
His pilot hung from a telegraph pole but not entirely dead
And he listened to the last words this young observer said:

Oh, I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where handouts grow on bushes and they stay out late at night
You do not have to work at all nor even change your socks
And drops of Johnny Walker come trickling thru the rocks.

The pilot breathed his last few gasps before he passed away
I'll tell you how it happened, the flippers fell away
The motor wouldn't work at all, the ailerons flivered to
A shot went thru the gas tank and let the gas leak thru.

The spirits left their bodies and as they upward flew
Said pilot to the observer I'll tell you what we'll do
We'll get old Pete to give us wings and back to earth we'll fly
And we'll haunt those god-damned Ki-wis until the day they die.

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

BESIDE THE BREWERY AT ST. MIHIEL

Beside the Brewery at St. Mihiel one bleak November day,
Beside a busted DH-4 a brave young pilot lay.
His arms and legs were shattered, the tank had conked his head
We all knew he was going west, but e're he died he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, they souse there every night,
Where cocktails grow on crabapple trees, and every one stays tight.
Where bugles never blow at all, where no one winds the clocks,
And drops of Johnnie Walker come trickling down the rocks."

The brave young lad was bouncing off, but as he passed away,
We saw his lips were moving, "My friends, it was this way.
The goddamned motor wouldn't hit, the struts were far too few,
A tracer hit the gas tank, and the flamin' juice came through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land, where motors always run,
Where housewives hand out juleps, and pilots grow a bun.
Where they've got no Sops, no Spads, no Sals, and not a bloody flamin' four
And absinth frappes, sool and stout are served at every store."
("The Three Hats," Vol. I)

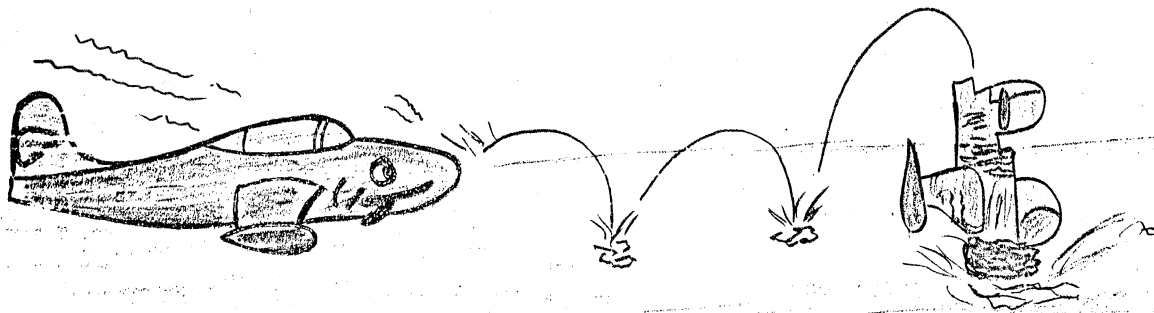
THE PASSING PILOT II

Beside a Belgian 'staminet, when the smoke had cleared away
Beneath a busted Camel, its former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head,
And, coughing a shower of dental work, these were the words he said:

"Oh, I'm going to a better land -- they jazz there every night;
The cocktails grow on the bushes, so every one stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And little drops of whiskey come trickling through the rocks."

The pilot breathed these last few gasps before he passed away:
"I'll tell you hoe it happened. My flippers didn't stay.
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet hit the gas-tanks, and the gas came leaking through."

"Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggnog grows on the eggplant, and the pilots grow a bun
They've got no Sops, they've got no Spads, they've got no Flaming Fours,
And little frosted juleps are served at all the stores."
("Songs of the Army Flyers")



BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Sabrejet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"We're going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
Play poker every night!
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, Oh! Death, where is thy sting!"

Oh, death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring, ring-a-ling
For you but not for me!

Oh, ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Ring-a-ling-a-ling ling, pin a rose on you
Better days are coming bye and bye!

("Songs of the 357th Fighter Squadron")

BENEATH A BRIDGE IN SICILY

Beneath a bridge in Sicily, one cold and wintry day,
Beside a busted fighter plane the former pilot lay;
His throat was cut by the bracing wire, the tank had hit his head
And he listened to the dying words his young observer said:

We're going to a better land where everything is bright,
Where handouts grow on bushes and you sleep out every night.
You never have to work at all, nor even change your socks
And little drops of whiskey come trickling down the rocks.

The pilot breathed these last few words before he passed away:
I'll tell you how it happened: my flippers didn't stay,
The motor wouldn't hit at all, the struts were far too few,
A bullet ripped the gas tank and the oil came coozing through.

Oh, I'm going to a better land where the motors always run,
Where the eggplants grow on eggplants and pilots grow a bun
They have no interceptors, no Junkers thirty-four,
And little frosted juleps are served at every store.

The observer said to the pilot, as heavenward they flew:
Now, when we see St. Peter, I tell you what we do:
We'll get ourselves some brand new wings and back to earth we'll fly
To haunt the goddam Jerries until the day they die!

Oh, we're going to a better land, they jazz there every night
The cocktails grow on bushes, so everyone stays tight;
They've torn up all the calendars, they've busted all the clocks,
And Scotch or Rye or Bourbon keep running down the rocks.

("GI SONGS")

THE AIR FORCE HAS GONE TO HELL

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
Who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived
For nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded
And those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

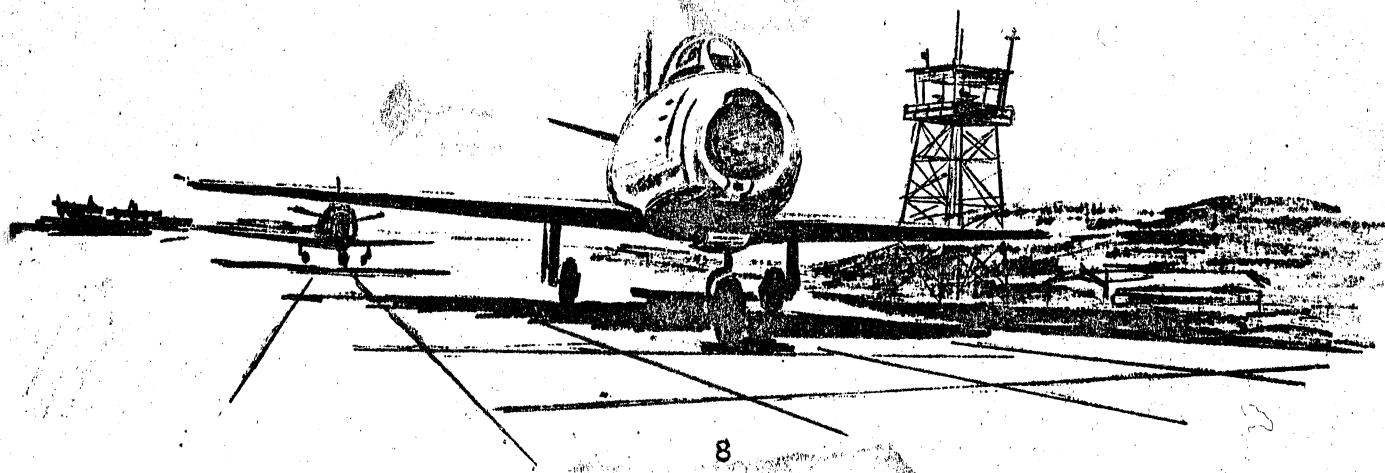
CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks one
The Air Force's gone to Hell!

I have seen them in their T-Bolts when
Their eyes were dancing flame
I have seen their screaming power dives
That plastered Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies
And they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to Hell!

They flew their Mustang fighters
Through a living Hell of flak
And the bloody dying pilots gave
Their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping-pong
In the operations shack
Their technique's gone to Hell!

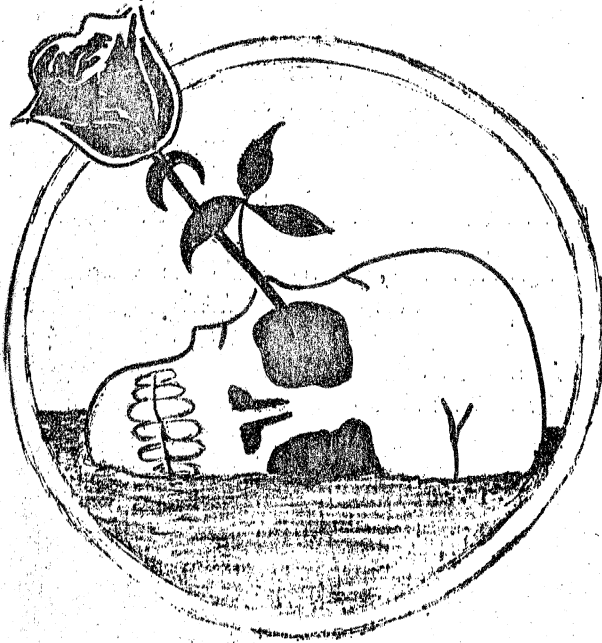
CHORUS

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron")



YOU CAN TELL A FIGHTER PILOT

(Tune: Mine Eyes Have Seen The Glory)



By the ring around his eyeball
You can tell a bombardier
You can tell a bomber pilot
By the spread around his rear
You can tell a navigator
By his sextants, maps, and such
You can tell a fighter jockey
BUT YOU CAN'T TELL HIM MUCH!!

(Capt. Clayton Silliman)

OFF WE GO

(Tune: USAF Song)

Back we come, off of a one-hour test hop
From over the land, and over the sea
For this feat we get a raise in rank
Ten days leave, and a D.F.C.
Heroes all, as you can judge by medals
Got a lot, and we'll get some more
We're out to conquer, and we will
For nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force!

(Capt. Robert Daley)

SONG OF THE ZULU WARRIORS

Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!
Ay zigga zumba zumba zumba
Ay zigga zumba zumba zay!

CHORUS: Hold 'em down, you Zulu warriors
Hold 'em down, you Zulu chiefs!
Chiefs! Chiefs! Chiefs!
Chi-ga-na-lie - - - oh!

(The "Song of the Zulu Warriors" is supposed to have originated with the South African Squadron stationed in Korea. It was subsequently adopted by American pilots. I first heard it sung at Langley AFB by the 509th FBS in 1953. The most important part of the song is the rythmical foot-stomping. The verse and chorus are repeated, each time a little louder, until you get thrown out of the club.

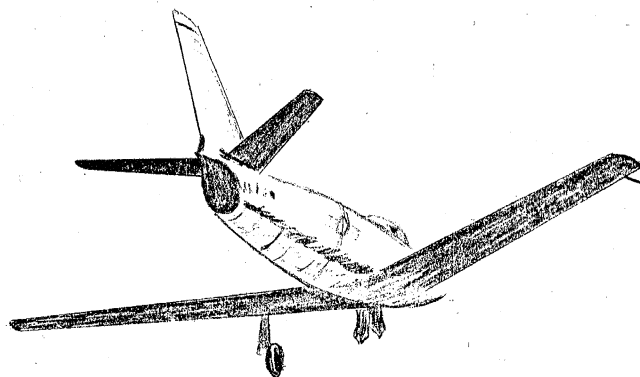
I WANTED WINGS

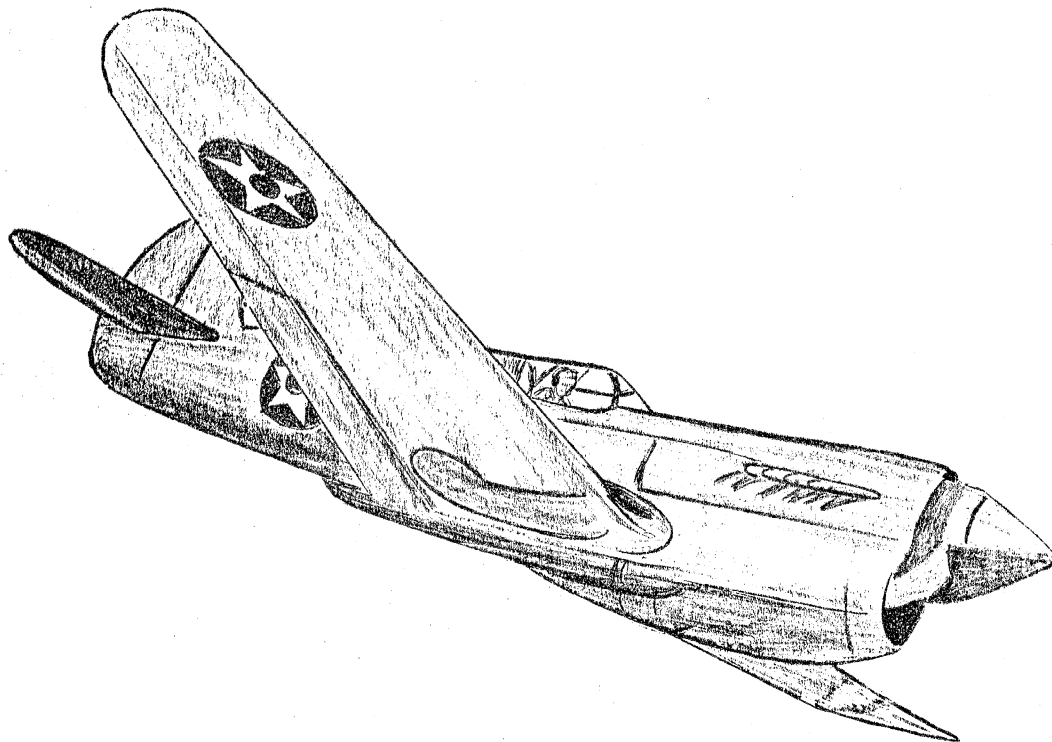
(Korean Version)

I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.
I don't want a tour in Korea that's for sure,
I've had a bellyfull of war.
I don't want my fanny frozen
In that putrid land of Chosen
Fighting Migs of Uncle Joe's
In atmosphere that's frigid frozen, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to die over Antung in the sky
Migs always make me barf my lunch.
For me there's no hey-hey screaming,
"Bogies that-a-way!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
Now there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off,
I would rather be home, buster,
With my butt than with a cluster, buster,
I wanted wings till I got the goddamn things,
Now I don't want them anymore.

("Songs of the 325th Fighter-
Interceptor Squadron")





MAKE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-rotate,
They've scattered and smitten from Burma to Brigain,
Don't give me a P-38.

CHORUS: Just make me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to grow old!

Don't give me a P-39, the engine is mounted behind,
They'll tumble and spin, and auger you in,
Don't give me a P-39.

Don't give me a Peter Four Oh, a hell of an airplane I know,
A ground loopin' bastard, you're sure to get plastered,
Don't give me a Peter Four Oh.

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for fighting the hun,
But with coulant tank dry, you'll run out of sky,
Don't give me a P-51.

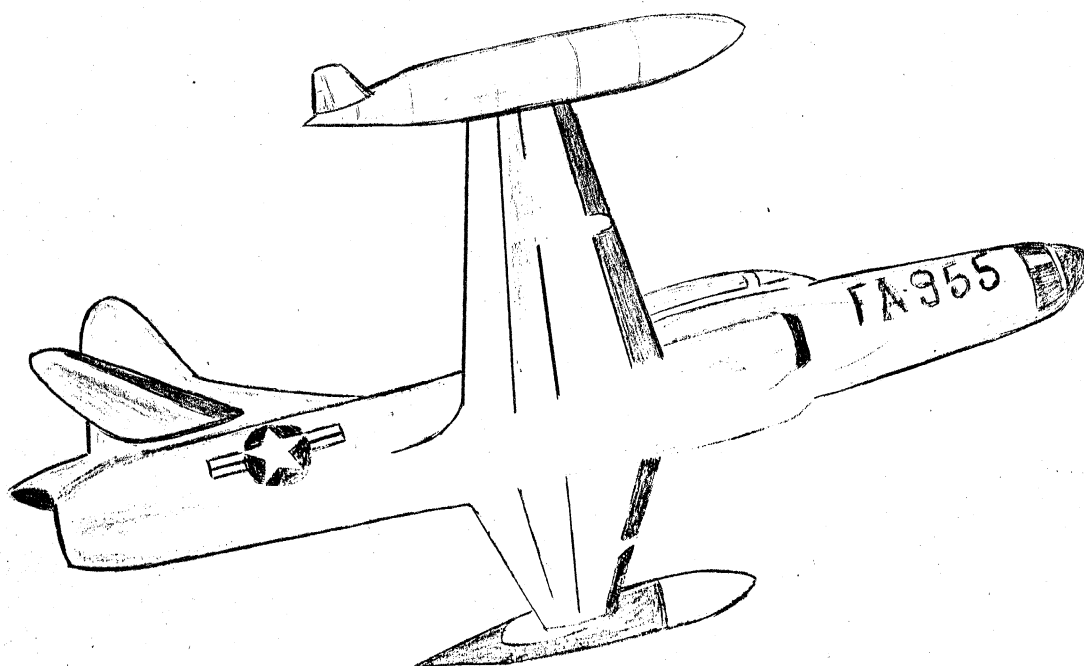
Don't give me a P-61, for night flying is no fun,
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of the dark,
Don't give me a P-61.

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a ground-loving whore
She'll whine, moan, and wheeze, and she'll clobber the trees
Don't give me an F-84.

("Songs of SOC," "Repulsive Rhapsodies")

TIPTANKS AND TAILPIPES

(Tune: Bless Them All)

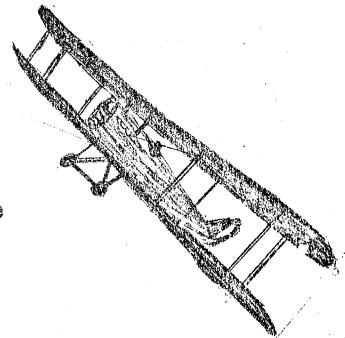


Bless them all, bless them all
Bless tiptanks and tailpipes and all
Bless old man Lockheed for building this jet
But I know a guy who is cussing him yet
Cause he tried to go over the wall
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all
The needles did cross, and the wings did come off
With tiptanks and tailpipes and all!

Through the wall, through the wall
Through the bloody invisible wall
That transonic journey is nothing but rough
As bad as a ride on the local base bus
So I'm staying away from it all
Subsonic for me and that's all
If you're hot you might make it
But you'll probably break it
Your butt or your neck, not the wall!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

There were ninety-seven airplanes warming up on the apron
And they didn't have room for more
The first ninety-six were of new construction
But the last was a DH-4!



She was old and decrepit and the fuselage was rotten
And the wings were warped and bent
And she sagged in the middle like a cow in the pasture
A cow that was quite content.

She was old 97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A second lieutenant wandered into the office
And he asked for a ship for two
And they said, "Young man we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do."

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for the majors
And the captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Dayton, and from there to Columbus
And he had to make that flight
So he said "OK if you'll give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Birmingham and north Alabama
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

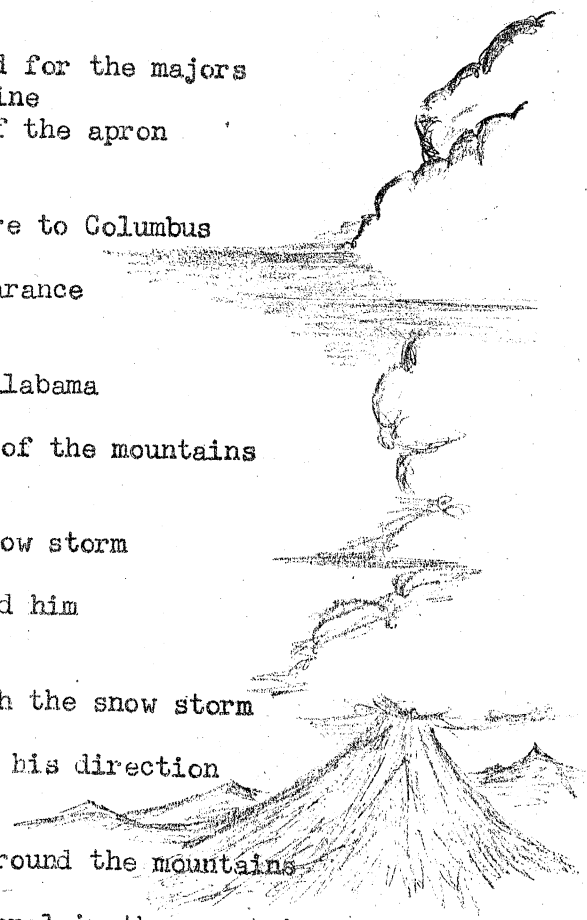
He turned to the left and ran into a snow storm
And he turned back to the right
And he turned around, the fog was behind him
And the mountains were all in sight.

He flew through rain and he flew through the snow storm
Till the light began to fail
Then he found a railroad that was going his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down the valley and he dodged around the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old 97 with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And the throttle was bent in the forward position
But the engine was facing back.

Ladies, listen to my story
No matter how you yearn
Never say harsh words to your aviator husband
He may leave you and ne'er return. ("Songs of the Army Flyers")



WRECK OF THE OLD '97

There were 97 airplanes warming up on the apron
Not enough room you could see
Now the first ninety-six were of recent construction
But the last one was a Fifty-one D.

She was old '97 and she had a fine record
But she hadn't been flown that year
And she creaked and groaned when they started her engine
For she knew that her time was near.

A Second Lieutenant wandered into Operations
And he asked for a ship or two
And they said, "Young man, we are very short of airplanes
But we'll see what we can do.

"Now the first forty-seven are reserved for Majors
And the Captains have the next forty-nine
But there's one more ship on the end of the apron
The last ship upon the line."

He was headed for Wonju and from there to Chinhae
And he had to make that flight
So he said, "O.K., if you give me a clearance
I will get there sometime tonight."

Oh, he flew over Taejon and the Taegu Airstrip
And the ceiling began to fall
And the clouds closed down on the tops of the mountains
And he couldn't see the ground at all.

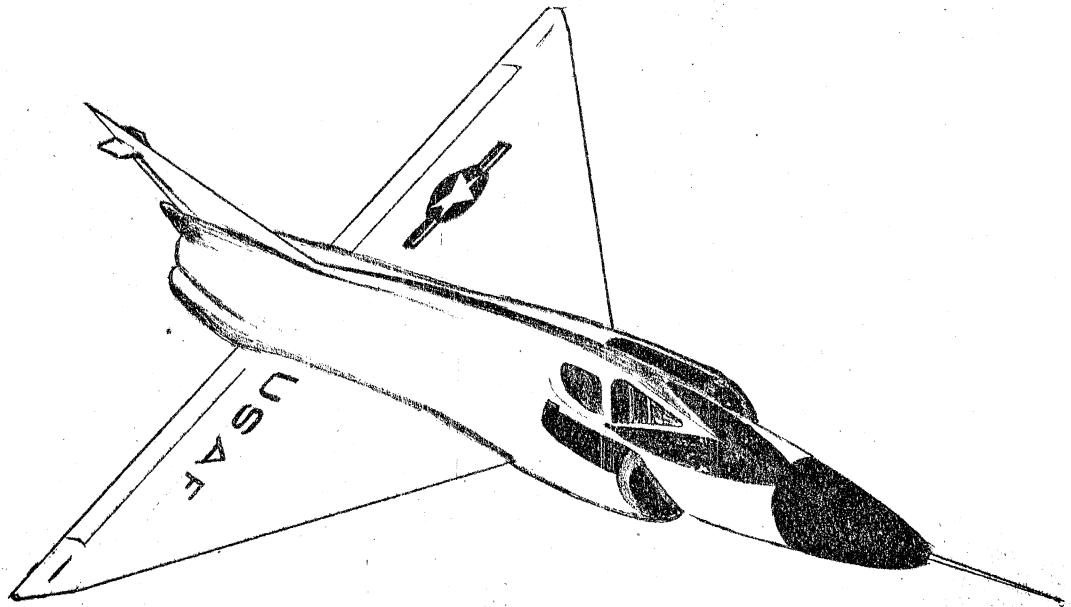
He flew through rain and he flew through a snowstorm
Till the light began to fail
When he found a railroad going in his direction
And he said, "I'll get there by rail."

He flew down a valley and he dodged through the mountains
And he kept that road in sight
Till the rails disappeared through a tunnel in the mountains
And he ended his last long flight.

There was old '97, with her nose in the mountain
And her wheels upon the track
And her throttle was bent in the forward position
But her engine was facing back!

Now ladies please listen and heed my warning
From this time ever on
Never speak harsh words to your flyboy husband
He may leave you and never return.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



SAFE HAND MAIL

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

They gave him his orders at old Itazuke
Saying, "Bill, you're 'way behind time"
Take this safe hand mail in your war-weary Mustang
And put 'er in Nagoya on time."

Bill turned and he said to his black, greasy, crew-chief,
"Is my span-can ready to roll?
Just head 'er down the runway and open up the throttle
And I'll call Camel Control."

There was one dark cloud between Bofu and Nagoya
But Bill was a gauge pilot bold
It was in this cloud that he spun all his gyros
And his Mustang did three snap rolls.

He came roarin' down the bottom doin' a million miles an hour
When the tip-tanks came off with a scream
They found him in the wreck with his hand on the throttle
Still flying the Tokyo beam!

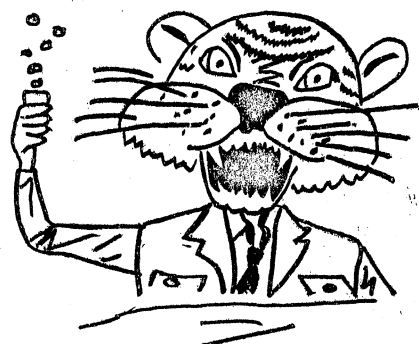
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well
Old Bill broke his Mustang all to hell
There'll be no more suki-haki at good old Itazuke
Fare-thee well, oh fare-thee well!

(From "Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Capt. William F. ("Romeo") McCrystal.
A similar version of this song also appears in "Songs of the 357th FIS")

KOREA

(Tune: I'm Looking Over a 4-Leaf Clover)

I'm looking over a well fought over
Korea that I abhor
One for the money
And two for the show
Ridgeway said stay
But we want to go.
There's no use explaining
Why we're remaining
We got what we were fighting for
KOREA, KOREA, and diarrhea
To make the rice grow some more!



SEOUL CITY SUE

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bon Chong way
And there I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

CHORUS: Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

Oh, Korea, I must admit
I owe a lot to you.
I came here from America
To find Secul City Sue
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing,
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

("Korea" is from "Songs of the 357th"
"Seoul City Sue" is from "Songs of the
Friendly 8th")

TO THE REGULARS

(Tune: Mr. and Mrs. Mississippi)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget Kunsan
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin
Have made me feel at home.
I flew across the bomblines
And got a hole or two
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

CHORUS: Oh I was called to risk my ass
And save the U.N. too,
But all I got was a crock of shit
From you and you and you.

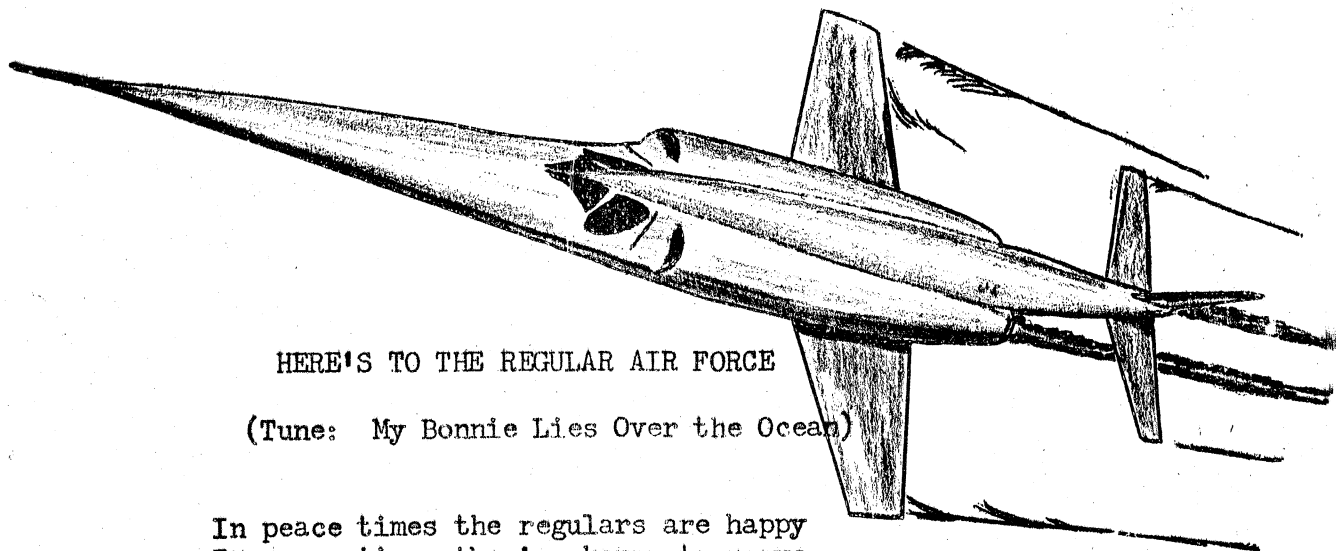
The AA was terrific
The small arms were intense
While flyboys bombed the front lines
The division did the rest.
While the regulars held their desk jobs,
The reserves were called en masse
For the U.N. knew the air reserve
Was the one to save their ass. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I love you dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn reserves
We'd never've had to part.
But we won't cry and we won't squawk
For we are not alone
For one of these days the regulars'll come
And we can all go home. (REPEAT CHORUS)

Now we don't mind the hardships
We've faced them in the past
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Have had forties up their ass.
We have to fight to save the peace
That's what the bastards said
But when you check the casualties
You'll find no senators dead. (REPEAT CHORUS)

I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through.
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to.
But someday when he grows up
If he joins the Air Reserve
I'll kick his ass from dawn to dusk
For that's what he'll deserve. (REPEAT CHORUS)

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")



HERE'S TO THE REGULAR AIR FORCE

(Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean)

In peace times the regulars are happy
In peace times they're happy to serve
But let them get into a fracas
And they'll call out the God Damn reserves!

CHORUS: Call out, Call out
Call out the God Damn reserves, reserves!
Call out, Call out
Oh, call out the God Damn reserves.

Here's to the Regular Air Force
They have such a wonderful plan
They call up the God Damn reservist
Whenever the shit hits the fan!

They call up every old pilot
They call up every young man
The reservists they go to Korea
The regulars stay in Japan!

Here's to the Regular Air Force
With medals and badges galore
If it weren't for the God damn reservist
Their ass would be dragging the floor!

CHORUS: Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on, Fight on...
Fight on, Fight on
Fight on Regular Air Force
Fight on!

(The first verse and chorus of this song appear in "Songs of the Friendly 8th." Since they are sung to the same tune and are in the same spirit as the song from the 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing's "Repulsive Rhapsodies," they are hereby combined.)

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same?
Oh, we'll always call you: "(Any old dirty Major)"
Isn't it a bloody shame?

To the days at Itazuke
And the parties that we knew
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can stick them up your flue!



(Songs of the 49th," by Lt. Effinger)
CO-PILOT'S LAMENT
(Tune: The Cowboy's Lament)

I'm the co-pilot. I sit on the right,
It's up to me to be quick:
I never talk back. I'll have regrets
And I must remember what the captain forgets.

I make out the flight plan and study the weather,
Pull up the gear and stand by to feather,
Make out the mail forms and do the reporting,
And fly the old crate when the captain is snoring.

I take the readings and adjust the power,
Put on the heaters when we're in a shower,
Tell where we are on the darkest night
And do all the book work without any light.

I call for my captain and buy him Cokes
I always laugh at his corny jokes,
And once in a while when his landings are rusty
I come through with "Gawd, but it's gusty!"

All in all, I'm a general stooge
As I sit to the right of this man Scrooge
But maybe some day with great understanding
He'll soften a bit and give me a landing.

("The Three Hats," Vol. II)

THE HANDSOME YOUNG AIRMAN

A handsome young airman lay dying
And as on the airdrome he lay
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing
These last parting words he did say:
"Take the cylinders out of my kidneys,
The connecting rods out of my brain,
The crank-shaft out of my backbone,
And assemble the engine again."

(From "The American Songbag" edited by Carl Sandburg. Mr. Sandburg says about this World War I song: "One of the several in the R.W. Gordon collection, this version.. is from Abbe Niles who comments on how landlubber songs often are in active duty on the high seas and vice versa. 'Any living tune is a jack of all trades. This variant of Tarpaulin Jacket ten years ago (1917) on the flying fields was current among men who had never heard its original.' ")

A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING

A poor aviator lay dying
At the end of a bright summer day
His comrades had gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

His airplane was piled on his wishbone,
His engine was wrapped round his head;
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow,
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

He spit out a valve and a gasket
And stirred in the sump where he lay,
To mechanics who round him came sighing,
These brave parting words did he say:

"Take the magneto out of my stomach,
And the butterfly valve off my neck
Extract from my liver the crankshaft,
There are lots of good parts in this wreck.

"Take the manifold out of my larynx,
And the cylinders out of my brain,
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again!"



(This version, with one or two minor changes, appears in the following books:
"GI SONGS," "Songs of SOC," "Songs of the Army Flyers")

STAND TO YOUR GLASSES



A poor aviator lay a-dying
At the end of a bright summers day
And his comrades were gathered around him
To carry his fragments away.

Oh, his bird was piled on his wishbone
And his engine was wrapped round his head
And he wore a spark plug on each elbow
'Twas plain he would shortly be dead.

Oh, he spat out a valve and a gasket
As he stirred in the sump where he lay
And to his sorrowing comrades
These brave parting words he did say:

"I'll be riding a cloud in the morning
With no Merlin before me to course
So come along, and get busy
Another lad now wants the hearse.

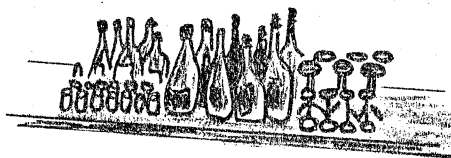
"Take the manifold out of my larynx
And the cylinders out of my brain
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys
And assemble the engine again.

With rusted fifties and rockets
With pilots as old as they seem
We fly these worn out Mustangs
Against the MiG-fifteen.

Forgotten by the land that bore us
Betrayed by the ones we held dear
The good have all gone before us
And only the dull are still here.

So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world full of lies
Here's a toast to those dead already
And here's to the next man to die.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



(This song has been handed down from the first world war. Two versions of it will be found on pages 20 and 21. Today, however, it is usually sung in the form shown below, which is sung by the 20th Fighter Wing and appears in the following song collections: "Songs of the 8th Fighter-Bomber Wing," "Songs of the 325th Fighter-Int. Squadron")

BOOZIN' BUDDIES

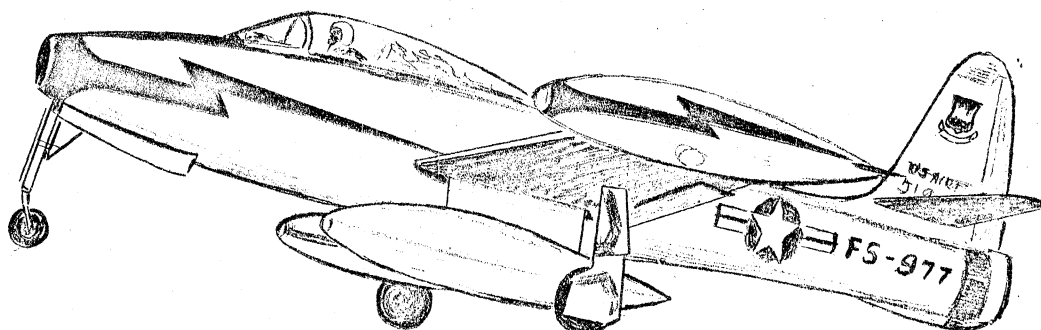
A fighter pilot lay dying
The medics had left him for dead
All around him women were crying
And these are the words that he said:

"Take the tailpipe out of my stomach
Take the burner out of my brain
Take the turbine out of my kidney
And assemble the unit again

For we are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
We are the boys they send out to die
Bosom buddies while boozin'

Up in headquarters they sing and they shout
Talking of things they know nothing about!

We are the boys who fly high in the sky
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'
Bosom buddies while boozin'!"



AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM

(Tune: I Learned About Women From Her)

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine.
A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
And one that was trained at Cornell
And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
And the Shavetail that gave me hell.

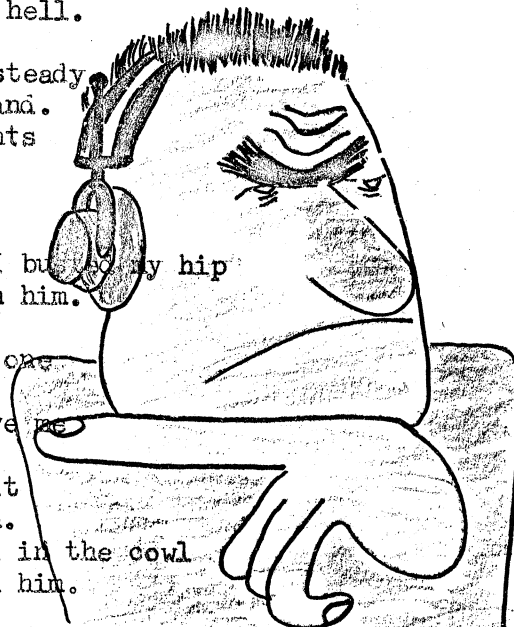
The fellow from Princeton was steady
He taught me to take off and land.
He'd set her down on three points
And loop her to beat the band
But when I went up for a solo
The Jennie was steady and trim
Well, I landed that ship, but I bled my hip
And I learned about flying from him.

The man from Cornell was a bad one
A son-of-a-gun I will say.
The dirty tail-spin that he gave me
Will last for many a day
I donated a lunch to the cockpit
But he dived and spun her again.
He gave me a howl when I ducked in the cowl
And I learned about flying from him.

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
And he talked through a long rubber tube.
All that I heard was his swearing
He spotted me for a boob.
I'll never forget one bad tailspin
He yelled "kick the rudder you simp!"
But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
And I learned about flying from him.

At last I came to formation
And took a fast ship from the line.
I made the first turn a humming
And brought her back upright just fine.
I sped up the ship without thinking
And hit number two in the wing
And - - when I got well, the CO gave me hell
And I learned about flying from him.

I've handled the stick and the rudder
I've flown quite a lot in my time.
I've had my share of instructors
And some of the bunch were fine.
But take some straight dope from a flyer
And go with the Navy to sea
For the ships they have there can land anywhere
And learn about flying from me.



(General George H. Beverly, who composed this song, sent it to me to add to my collection)

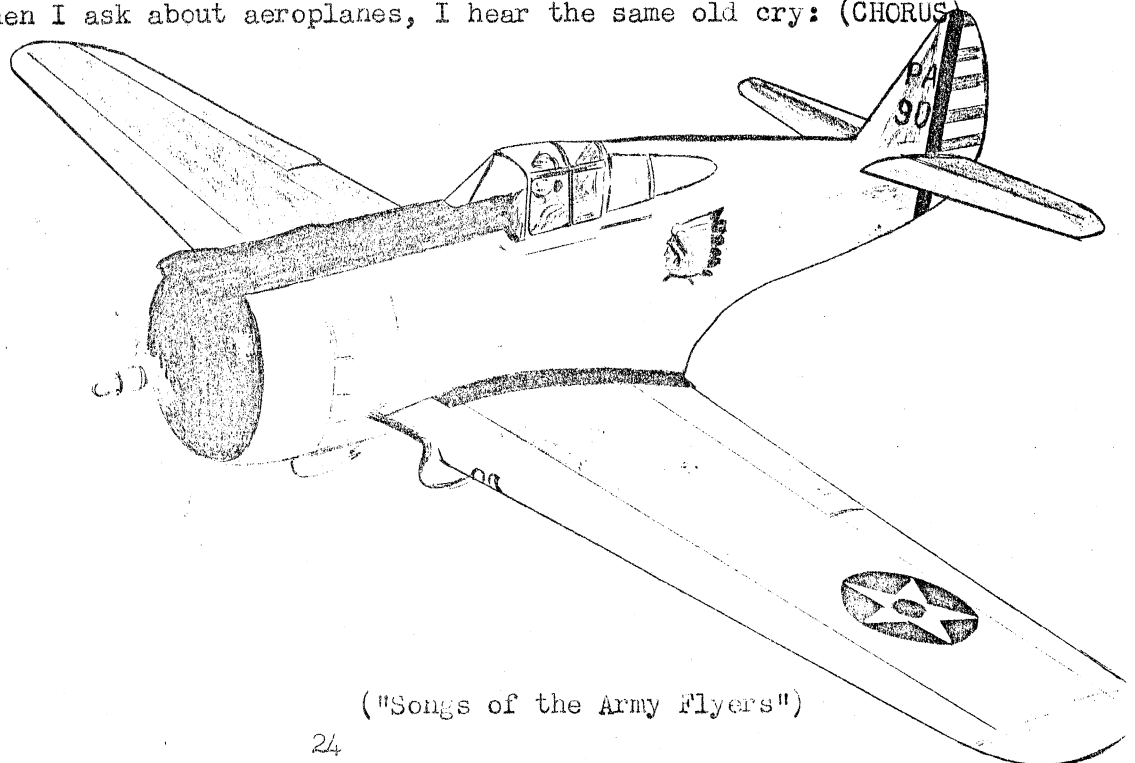
Sing hallelujah for maneuvers
 For maneuvers we're on our way
 Now don't be grieving cause we're leaving
 We'll be back the first of May
 Good times lie before us
 Not that you bore us
 But we like to get away
 Sing hallelujah for maneuvers
 For maneuvers we're on our way.

LOOK AT THE EARS ON HIM

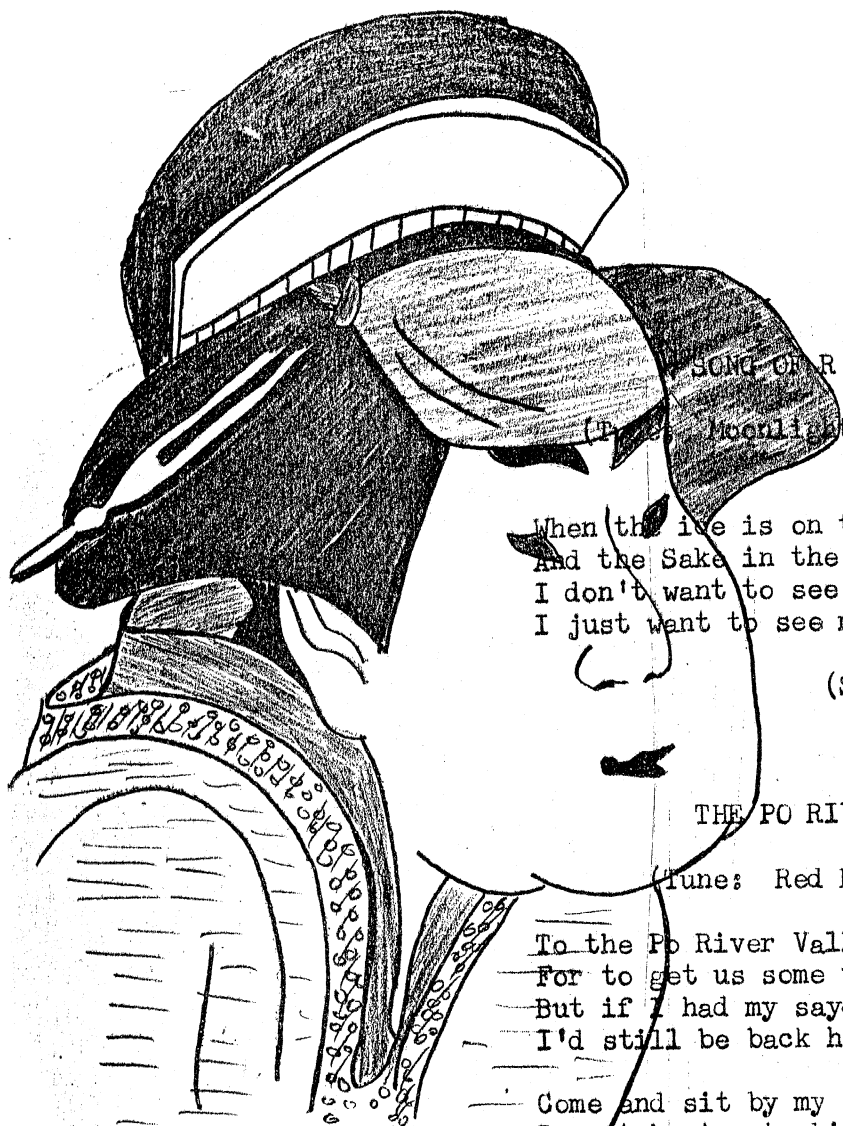
I heard they wanted men to fight as aviators bold
 So I went down, held up my hand, and this is what they told:
 "You'll go to Kelly Field and learn to navigate the sky"
 When I got there I was "SOL" for this is how I fly:

CHORUS: "Look at the ears on him, on him
 Oh! How do you get that way?"
 That was the greeting I received as I marched in today.
 First they put me into the kitchen, "KP" was my name,
 I wrote my girl that I was a flier
 Gee! but I'm a wonderful liar.
 "Look at the ears on him, on him,
 Oh! How do you get that way?"
 That is the only battle cry I hear both night and day
 If I'm to fight in this great war and end the Kaiser's reign
 They'd better take up me kettles and pans
 And give me an aeroplane!

I've peeled a million spuds since I've been in this flying game
 I've swung a pick and shovel, 'Till my weary back is lame
 I've navigated lots of ground but not an inch of sky
 And when I ask about aeroplanes, I hear the same old cry: (CHORUS)



("Songs of the Army Flyers")



SONG OF R AND R

(Tune: Moonlight on the Wabash)

When the ice is on the rice at Tachikawa
And the Sake in the cellar starts to freeze
I don't want to see my wife in San Francisco
I just want to see my little Nipponese!

(Source: Capt. Clark B. Smith)

THE PO RIVER VALLEY

(Tune: Red River Valley)

To the Po River Valley we're going
For to get us some trains and some tracks
But if I had my say-so about it
I'd still be back home in the sack.

Come and sit by my side at the briefing
Do not hasten to bid me adieu
To the Po River Valley we're going
And I'm flying Four in Flight Blue.

We went for to check on the weather
And they said it was clear as can be
Now I lost my wingman 'round the field
And the rest augered in out at sea.

S-2 said there's no flak where we're going
S-2 said there's no flak on the way
There's a dark overcast o'er the target
I'm beginning to doubt what they say.

A spitfire went by like a whirlwind
And a Mustang went by like a breeze
And a C-46 with one feathered
Went by towing five L-3's.

To the Po River Valley we're going
And many strange sights we will see
But the one there that held my attention
Was the flak that they threw up at me.

(Songs of Squadron Officers School)

FIGHTER PILOTS

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in Hell
The place is full of queers
Navigators, Bombadiers
But there are no fighter pilots down in Hell!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States
They are off on foreign shores
Making mothers out of whores
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the States!

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan
They are all across the bay
Being shot at every day
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan!

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce
The automatic pilot's on
Reading novels in the john
Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce!

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare
His gyros are uncaged
And his women overaged
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare!

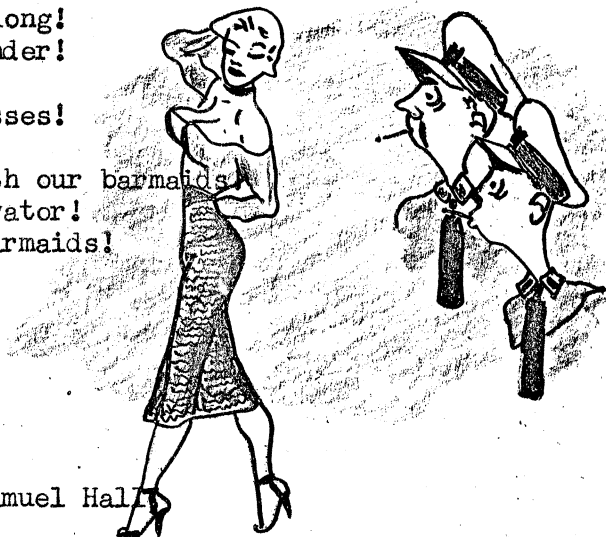
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth
The place is full of brass
Sitting round on their fat ass
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in Fifth!

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice
It'll wreck your reputation
But increase the population
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice!

Oh look at the 55th in the club
Oh look at the 55th in the club
The don't party, they don't sing
77th does every thing
Oh look at the 55th in the club!

When a bomber jockey walks into our club
When a bomber jockey walks into our club
He don't drink his share of suds
All he does is flub his dub
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL!

SOLO: We're going to burn down the outhouse!
 CHORUS: BOO!
 SOLO: But! We'll build a new one!
 CHORUS: HOORAY! (Repeat chorus after each solo)
 SOLO: Our town has only one bar!
 But it's one hundred feet long!
 Our bar has only one bartender!
 Every ten feet!
 Our barmaids wear long dresses!
 Made out of cellophane!
 You can't walk upstairs with our barmaids!
 You've got to take the elevator!
 You can't sleep with our barmaids!
 They won't let you sleep!



SAMUEL HALL

Oh, my name is Samuel Hall, Samuel Hall,
 Oh, my name is samuel Hall,
 And I hate you one and all,
 You're a lot of muckers all . . . damn your eyes!

Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, so 'tis said,
 Oh, I killed a man 'tis said, for I hit him on the head,
 And I left him there for dead . . .
 Damn his eyes!

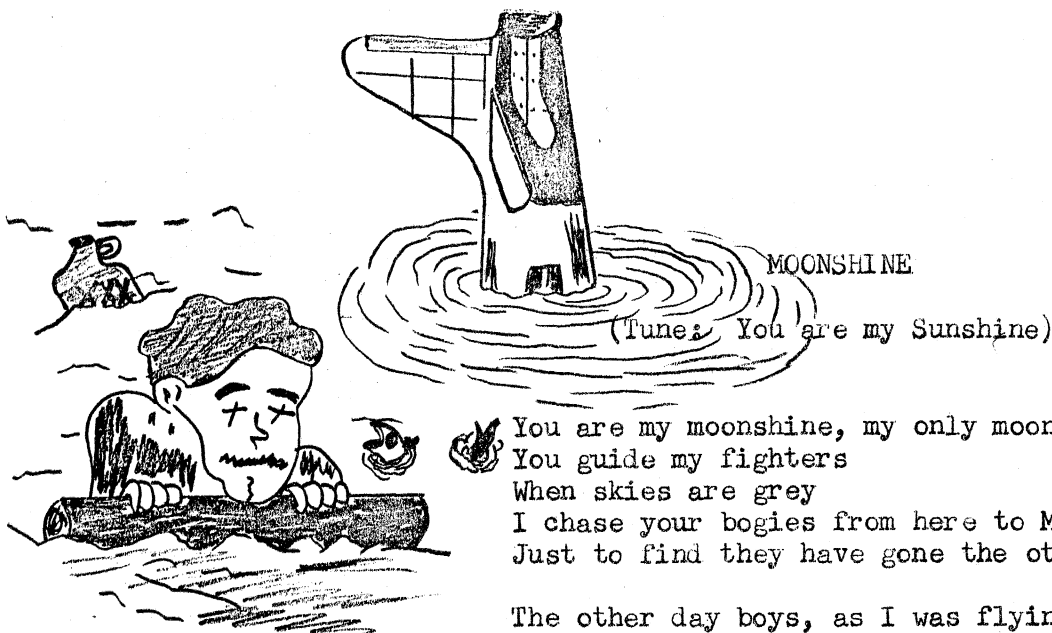
And they put me in the quad, in the quad,
 Yes, they put me in the quad with a chain and iron rod,
 And they left me there, by God . . .
 Damn their eyes!

Oh, the parson he did come, he did come,
 Oh, the parson he did come, and he looked so bloody glum,
 As he talked of kingdom come . . .
 Damn his eyes!

And the sheriff he came too, he came too
 And the sheriff he came too, with his bloody boy in blue,
 They've a hanging job to do . . .
 Damn their eyes!

So, it's up the rope I go, up I go,
 So, it's up the rope I go with my friends all down below,
 Saying, "Sam, I told you so" . . .
 Damn their eyes!

Oh, let this be my knell, be my knell,
 Oh, let this be my knell, as ye listen to my yell,
 Hope to God you sizzle well . . .
 Damn your eyes!



You are my moonshine, my only moonshine
 You guide my fighters
 When skies are grey
 I chase your bogies from here to Moji
 Just to find they have gone the other way.

The other day boys, as I was flying
 I heard Moonshine Controller say:
 "I've got a bogie down by Kurume
 Won't you head your jet that-a-way?"

He said he had me in radar contact
 And I believed him like a dope
 I flew to Moji - and still no bogie
 He had chased a fly across the scope!

You were my moonshine, my only moonshine
 How could you let me down this way?
 My chute was swingin' - they heard me singin'
 Won't you take that Moonshine away!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

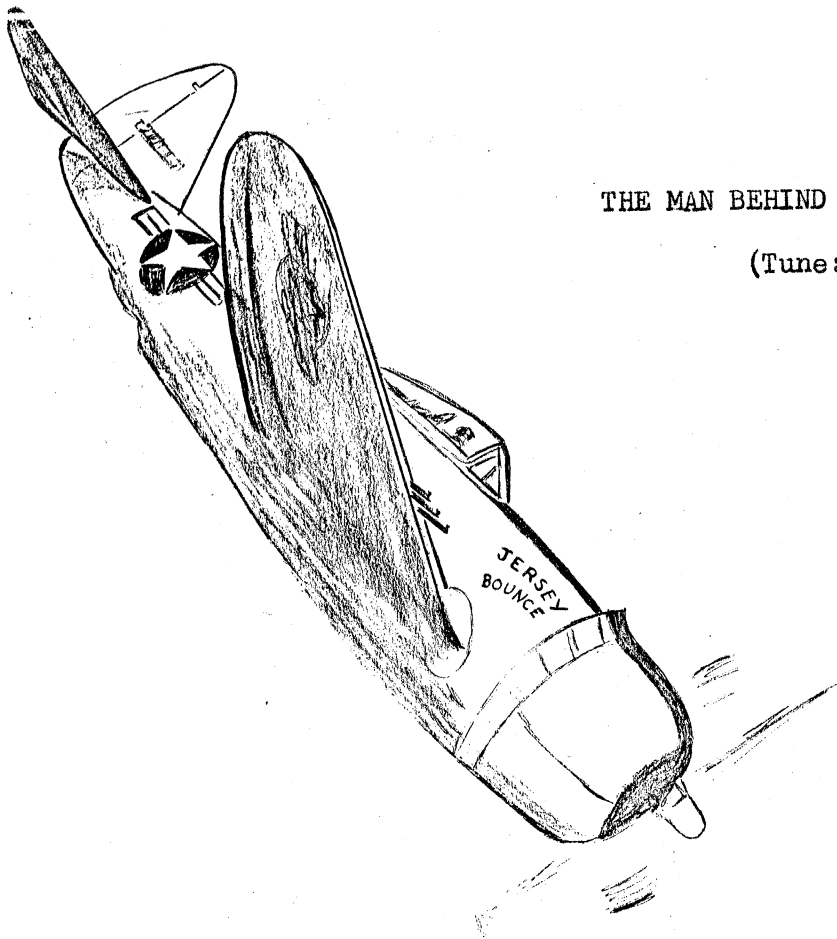
FAREWELL TO ANTUNG UNIVERSITY

Farewell to Antung University, I have risen to reality
 Forty thousand is no place for me, with MiG-15s in the vicinity
 With cannon balls flying all around, makes me wish that I'd stayed
 on the ground
 I should join the infantry, or take the Navy and go out to sea.

Where did Red Leader go, when I called out "Bingo"
 That's what I'd like to know, just where'n the hell did he go?
 He called "Red Flight, BREAK RIGHT," all I did was tuck in tight
 He climbed up in the sun and that's when the fun begun!

Flashes behind me, flashes all around
 Flashes above me, and flashes on the ground.
 I called "Red Leader, where in the hell did you roam?
 Clear yourself and ride the Mach cause I am going home!"

("Songs of 357th Fighter Squadron")



THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

(Tune: Strip Polka)

Early in the morning
 When the engines start to roar
 You can see the old goat standing
 Beside his office door
 He'll be sweating out the take-off
 As he's often done before
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

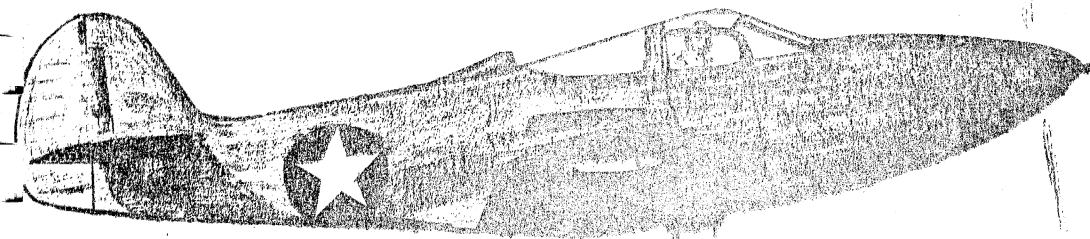
Four times he's led us up there
 And he always led us back
 For he circled oe'r the I.P.
 As we went in to attack
 He said, "I'm hard yet fair, boys,
 But allergic to ack ack"
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

And when the target's sighted
 Who inspires our attack?
 Who says, "Hundreds may go in lads
 But a few aren't coming back."
 Who says, "We'll disregard the minimum
 When you supress the flak"
 The man behind the armor plated desk.

("Songs My Mother
 Never Taught Me")

And when the mission's over
 And debriefing they should be
 You can search the whole field over
 But not a pilot you will see

For they'll all be at the
 "O" club, With a mixed drink
 in their hand, singing "The
 Man Behind the Armor Plated
 Desk"



FLAK SHOWERS

(Tune: April Showers)

Although flak showers may come your way
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say
"My fuel is Josephine, I'm going home
So if you want to stay and fight, you may
Stay and fight alone!
I've added throttle, I'm on my way
I'll live to come back some other day
So keep on strafing that position
And knock it out for me
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see!

("Songs of the 49th FBG")

THE RIVER RAN RED

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

Number One was having fun, Number Two got quite a few
Number Four got some more as he said
Oh, the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more,

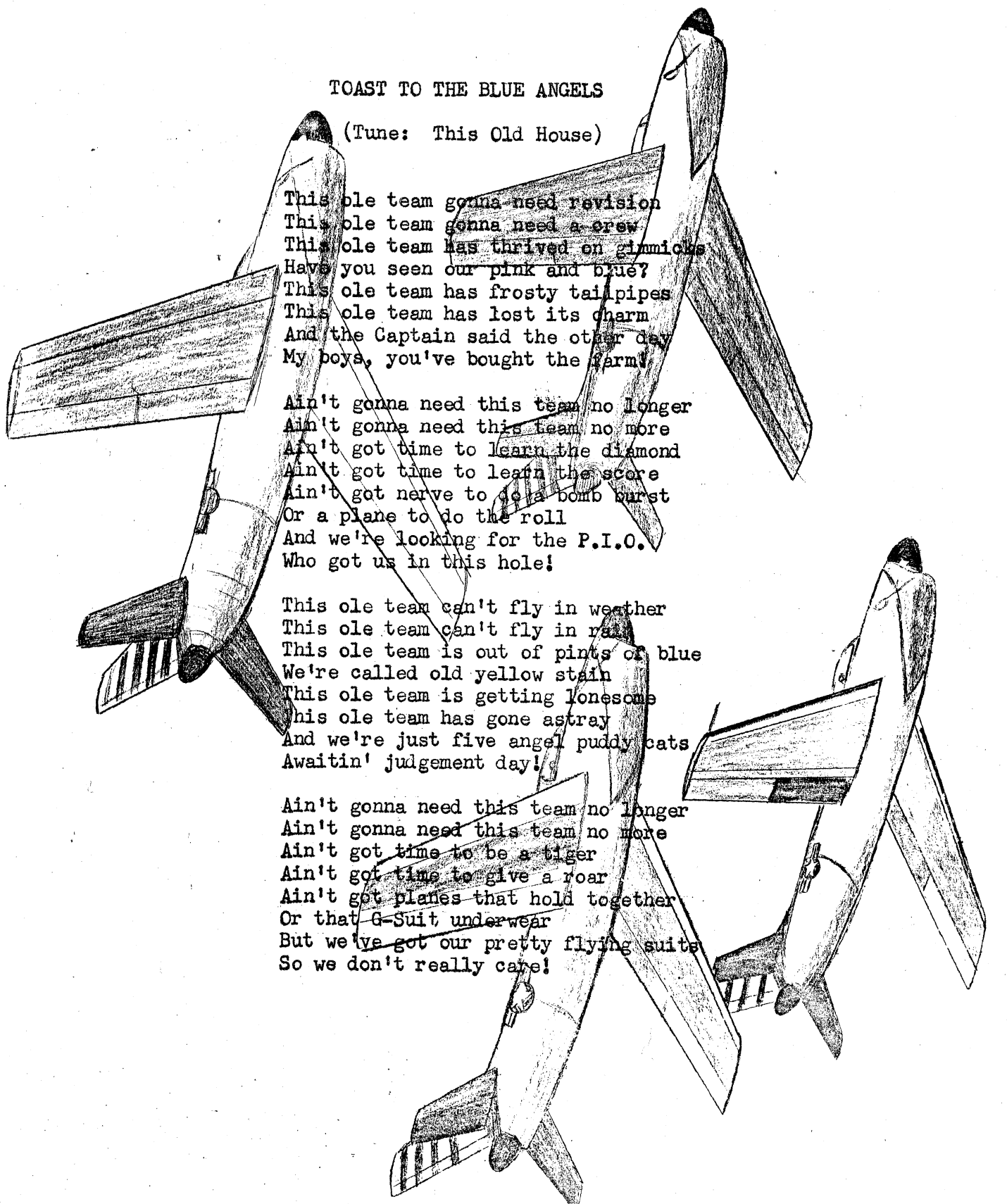
The road was full of ruts, and the ruts were full of guts
Little children sucking tits had them shot right from their mitts
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more,

There were women in the crowd, little children cried aloud
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around, when they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more,

Oh it seemed an awful crime, as we shot them in their prime
But they got Number Three, don't you see
Yes, they whot him down with flak, and they broke his bloody back
As we came around and tried to get some more,

(Repeat first verse)

("Songs of the 49th FBG")



TOAST TO THE BLUE ANGELS

(Tune: This Old House)

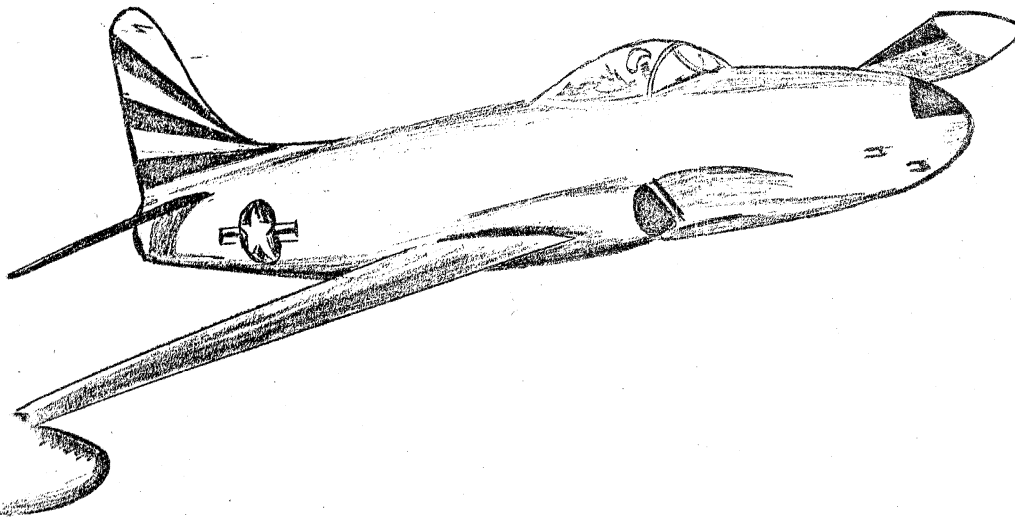
This ole team gonna need revision
This ole team gonna need a crew
This ole team has thrived on gimmicks
Have you seen our pink and blue?
This ole team has frosty tailpipes
This ole team has lost its charm
And the Captain said the other day
My boys, you've bought the farm!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to learn the diamond
Ain't got time to learn the score
Ain't got nerve to do a bomb burst
Or a plane to do the roll
And we're looking for the P.I.O.
Who got us in this hole!

This ole team can't fly in weather
This ole team can't fly in rain
This ole team is out of pints of blue
We're called old yellow stain
This ole team is getting lonesome
This ole team has gone astray
And we're just five angel puddy cats
Awaitin' judgement day!

Ain't gonna need this team no longer
Ain't gonna need this team no more
Ain't got time to be a tiger
Ain't got time to give a roar
Ain't got planes that hold together
Or that G-Suit underwear
But we've got our pretty flying suits
So we don't really care!

(By Lt. John Coleman, 325th Fighter-Interceptor Squadron,
31 Squadron, home of the "Sabreknights")



TACHIKAWA, YOKOHAMA, ITAZUKE

(Tune: Hawaiian War Chant)

Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa, Yokohama, Itazuke
Tachikawa - - Yokohama - - Itazuke is the place!

Ah, So, (Tachikawa); Ah, So, (Yokohama)
Ah, So, (Itazuke); Ah, So, KIMPO!

Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen is the place for you, my boy
Frozen Chosen, Chosen Frozen, Frozen Chosen is the place!

Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, (Chosen Frozen)
Ah, So, (Frozen Chosen); Ah, So, KIMPO!

ONCE THEY WERE HAPPY

(Tune: Man on the Flying Trapeze)

Once they were happy, completely at ease
They flew their F-80's like a swingin' trapeze
They looped 'em, they rolled 'em, they bounced DC-3's
But alas boys, their wings have been clipped!

One day they approached Itazuke
Jet leader called "Echelon right!
Mustangs at nine o'clock level
Let's see if 8th Fighter will fight!"

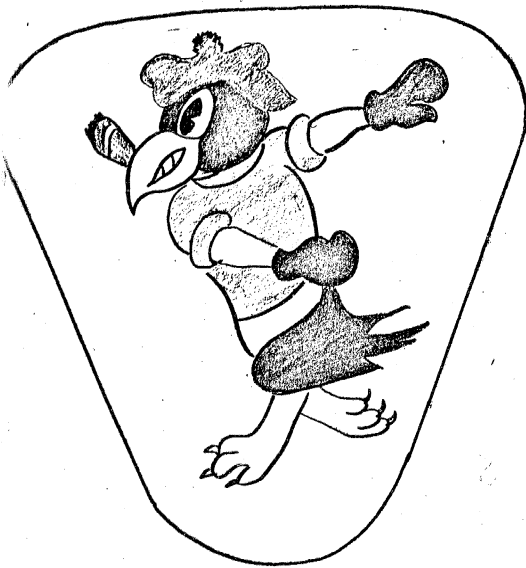
The F-80's broke left and the Mustangs broke right
I think they see us, says Jet Four in fright
They're all pullin' streamers, says Jet Number Three
Let's go home, this is no place to be!

The jets headed home at a hundred percent
In fact Number Four had the throttle stop bent
Back to Misawa, to Misawa They went
Never to bounce any more!

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

A BOMBER FLIES 10,000 MILES

(Tune: A Gay Caballero)



Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
Our bomber flies ten thousand miles,
But a bomb like a cherry
Is all it can carry
When our bomber flies ten thousand miles.

Steady boys, steady boys
Here comes another big lie.
Said pilot to bomber, "How slick,
Finding this target's no trick - -
But my God, how strange
We're fresh out of range,
Strap on my parachute quick."

The Air Force sure has the life grand - -
Wine, women and song is the plan;
There's medals by baskets
For flying our caskets
In the M-G-M starlet command.

F-80's are certainly keen
If to daring your tendencies lean - -
But we want it said,
We'd not be caught dead
In such an infernal machine.

With our bombers the world will be shocked,
At three hundred miles they've been clocked - -
But while dreaming up tricks,
With the B-36,
We've all had our heads up and locked.

The X-1 was cruising the blue,
The pilot felt something quite new;
Christ what a sensation
Where's Public Relations
The legion of merit will do.

Our bomber goes ten thousand miles,
We claim it but only with smiles,
While crashing the barrier - -
We pooh, pooh, the carrier,
That really goes ten thousand miles.

Oh, we know what we're saying is true,
We got it directly from Stu,
We love the blue yonder - -
But sometimes we wonder,
Just who's doing what and to who.

So listen young men as we say,
Be careful of wings and flight pay
There's no prohibitions
On suicide missions,
Sooooooo - - come - - join the Air Force today. ("The Three Hat")

BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC

An Air Force lieutenant to Pusan did stole
He'd just come back from a raid on Seoul
When an old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir.
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees."

CHORUS: La de a, La de a
There's blood on your tunic
And mud on your knees.

Now look here Sgt, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Seoul
Where ack ack is flying and comforts are few
And brave men are dying for bastards like you.

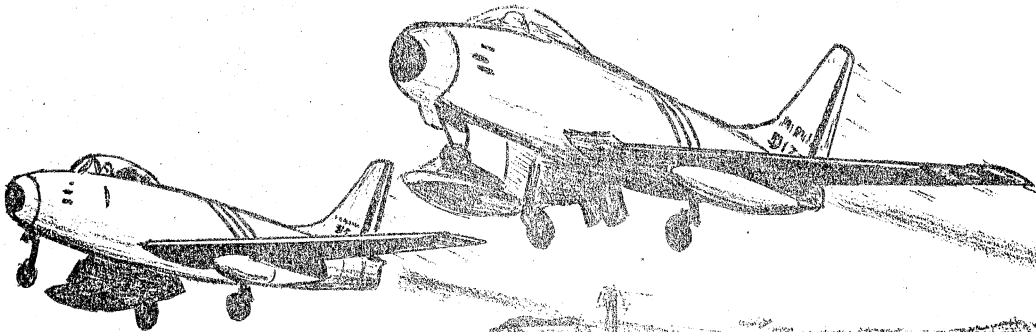
Now the old M.P. Sgt said, "Pardon me, sir,
But on the Lt. I meant no slur
But the girls down in Pusan are hard to please
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees!

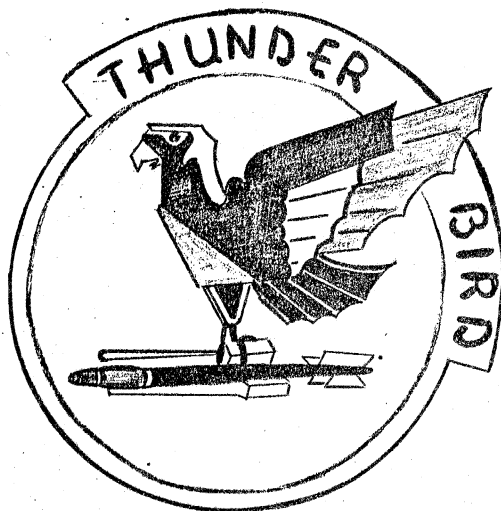
SPRING TIME ON THE YALU

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the MiGs come out to play
And the contrails run in circles, fighter pilots earn their pay
We'll hold our triggers steady when our sights are zeroed in
We'll hold our glasses ready when they pass out rum and gin.

When it's spring time on the Yalu and the napalm is in bloom
And your 50s do the talking and it's just a MiG and you
Once again you'll hear me whisper that my fuel is running low
When it's spring time on the Yalu then it's time for us to go.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 357th")





AIR FORCE 801

(Tune: Wabash Cannonball)

Listen to the rumble, and hear old Merlin roar
I'm flying over Moji, like I never flew before
Hear the mighty rush of the slipstream, and hear old Merlin moan
I'll wait a bit and say a prayer and hope it gets me home.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has overrun
My coulant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1
You'd better call the crash crew, and get them on the run.

Air Force 801, this is Itazuke tower
I cannot call the crash crew, this is their coffee hour
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is plain to see
So take it on around again, we have some VIP.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the downwind leg, I see your biscuit gun
My engine's runnin' ragged, and the coulant's gonna blow,
I'm gonna prang a Mustang, so look out down below.

Itazuke tower, this is Air Force 801
I'm turning on the final, and running on one lung
I'm gonna land this Mustang, no matter what you say
I've gotta get my charts fixed up before that Judgement Day.

Air Force 801, this is Judgement Day
You're in Pilot's Heaven, and you are here to stay
You just bought a Mustang, and you bought it well
The famous Air Force 801 was sent straight down to Hell.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing"
by Capt. William F. "Romeo" McCrystal)

I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.
They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die,
I've got a belly-full of war.
You can save those Zeros for the God Damn heros
For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
I've no desire to be burned.
Air combat's no romance and it made me wet my pants,
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
You can leave the Mitsubishis for the crazy sons-a-bitches,
Cause I'd rather lay a woman than get shot down in a Grumman,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

I'm too young to die in a God damn thing,
That's for the eagles, not me.
I won't trust to luck to get in a "Duck"
After I've crashed into the ground.
I would rather be a hellion flier on a flattop
With my hand around a bottle not a God damn throttle,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more.

I don't want to tour over Berlin or the Ruhr
Flak always makes me part my lunch
For me there's no Hey Hey when they holler "Bombs Away!"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
For there's one thing you can't laugh off
And that's when they shoot your ass off
And I'd rather be home, Buster, with my ass than with a cluster,
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more!

The day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
I always smoke one for my gut
They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
Oh! What I'd give to have a butt.
Now the home front may be pitchin' but I still do my bitchin'
Till I find some real sharp cooky
Who can mass-produce some nookey
I wanted wings 'till I got the God damn things,
Now I don't want them any more!

(Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI Songs,"
"Songs of the 357th Fighter-Interceptor
Squadron," "The Three Hats, Vol. I")

BREAK RIGHT

(Tune: Cadence Count)

Solo: Break right
 All: Right now
 Solo: Break right
 All: Right now
 Solo: Break right, break right, break right, PULL IT TIGHT

Solo: We're flyin' around
 All: We're flyin' around
 Solo: And lookin' around
 All: And lookin' around
 Solo: The MiGs came down
 All: The MiGs came down
 Solo: We went 'round and 'round
 All: We went 'round and 'round
 Solo: Throttle to the wall
 All: Throttle to the wall
 Solo: I counted them all
 All: I counted them all
 All: One, two, three, four, MORE AND MORE!

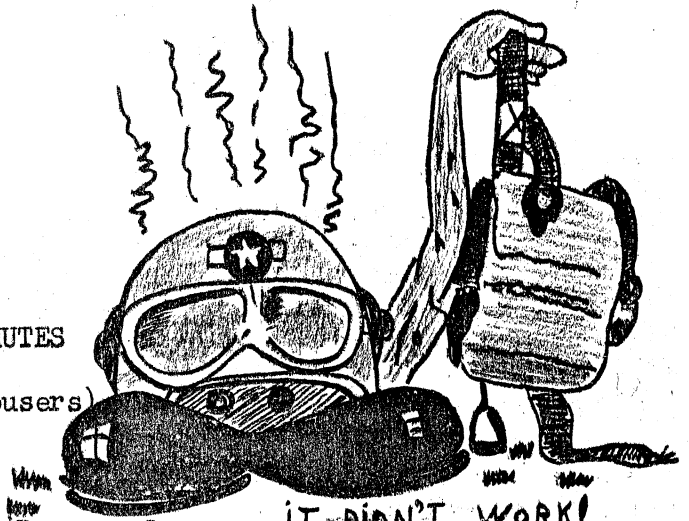
Solo: Their noses were red
 All: Their noses were red
 Solo: They wanted me dead
 All: They wanted me dead
 All: EENY, MEENY, MINY, MO, LET'S GO BACK TO OLD KIMPO!

THE PRETTIEST PLANE

- | | | |
|--------------|-------------------------------------|--|
| (1) (Leader) | The prettiest plane | (8) We're coming in with thirteen chicks |
| (All) | The prettiest plane | Twelve MiG-15's, one Fox eight-six |
| (Leader) | Out on the line | (9) The moral of this story's clear |
| (All) | Out on the line | When you start home just check your rear |
| (Leader) | The MiG-15 | (10) Cause if you don't you're sure to |
| (All) | The MiG-15 | A MiG-15 tucked in behind. /find |
| (Leader) | Flies mighty fine | |
| (All) | Flies mighty fine | |
| (All) | The prettiest plane out on the line | |
| | The MiG-15 flies mighty fine! | |
-
- (2) When we go up and fly at noon
 The MiG-15's leap off the moon
- (3) Then they come down and pretty soon
 A pissed-off tiger lowers the boom
- (4) On all our planes we paint red stars
 For MiG-15's that land on Mars
- (5) We chase them up to forty-four
 The fox-eight-six don't have much more
- (6) The throttle's set right at full bore
 We'll never catch that little whore
- (7) Then they start home and Casey calls
 We're letting down, no sweat at all

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES

(Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers)



Once there was a barmaid, down in Brewery Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery!

CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do!

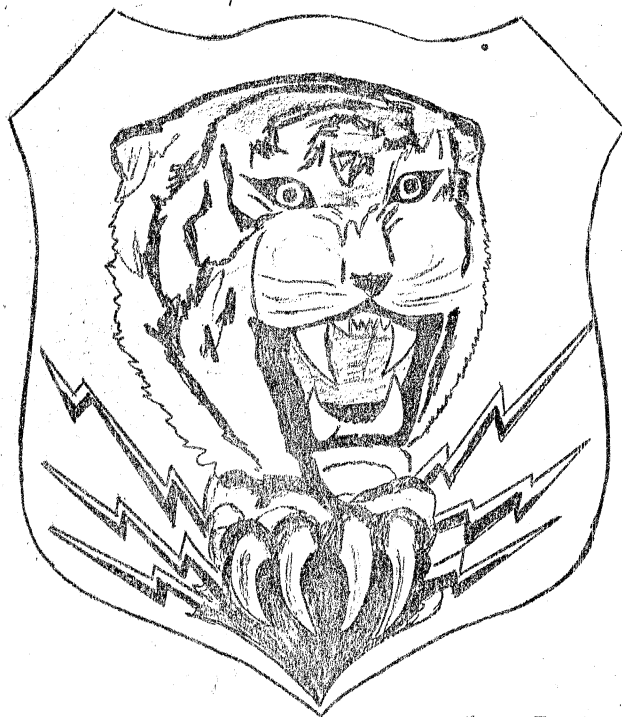
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willfully and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him, just to keep the pilot warm!

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five-pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air!"

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above your knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by!

FINAL CHORUS: Singing "G" Suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies" and "GI SONGS")



INTO THE AIR

Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Into the air, pilots true
Into the air, U.S. Air Force
Keep your nose up in the blue
And when you hear the engines roaring
And the steel props start to whine
Then you can bet the U.S. Air Force
Is along the fighting line!

STRAFERS

When I was a cadet, an innocent lad
The Chaplain told me the good from the bad
And of all of his words, these were his last
Never fly high and never fly fast.

So I joined up the strafers with these words in mind
And off to New Guinea did go
But when I got there I was to find
The strafers fly too gosh darn low....Oh!

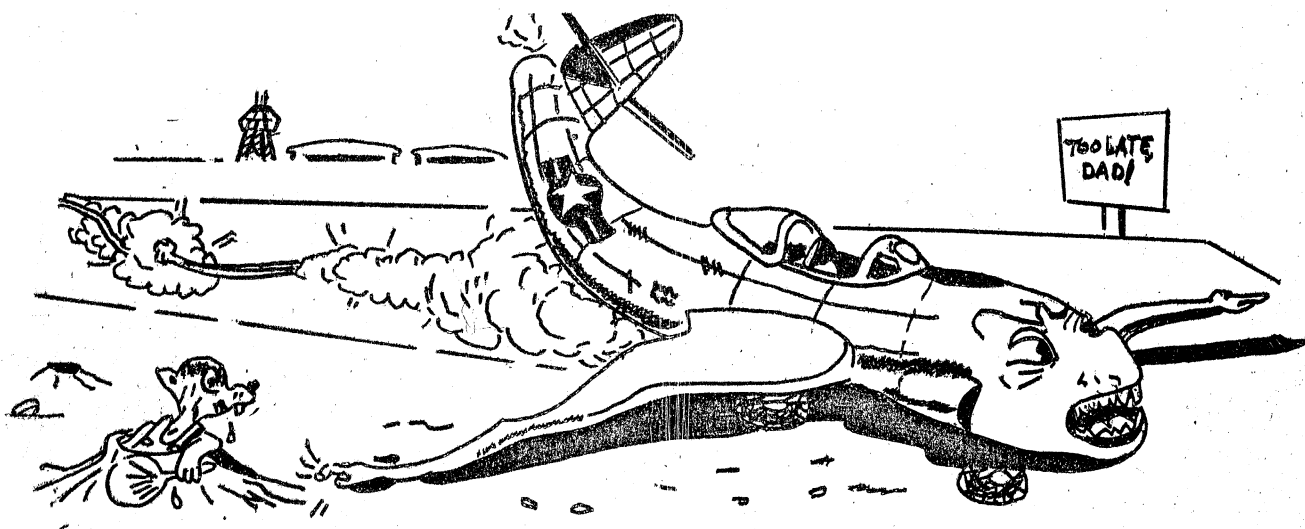
We fly o'er the treetops with inches to spare
There's smoke in the cockpit and gray in our hair
The tracers look fine as strafing we go
But brother you're flying just too gosh darn low!

MY WILD EYED CADET

(Tune: My Wild Irish Rose)

My wild eyed cadet - he ain't learned nothing yet
He noses her down when close to the ground
My wild eyed cadet!
He slips in his banks - if he lives, we'll all give thanks!
I hear drums beating low and men marching slow
Behind wild eyed cadets!

("Songs of the SOC")



EARLY ABORT

(Tune: MacNamara's Band)

Oh, my name is Col. Napier and I'm the leader of the group
 If you will step into my tent I'll give you all the poop
 I'll tell you where the Commies are and where the flak is black
 I'll be the first one off the deck and I'll be the first one back!

CHORUS: Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush
 Early abort, avoid the rush, oh, the Liberty Squadron's on parade!

My name is Major Swan and I lead old Liberty
 And if I go on rail cuts, my boys will follow me
 But if you say Pyong-yang, I'll tell you what I'll do
 Get into your plane and go ahead, and I'll wait here for you.

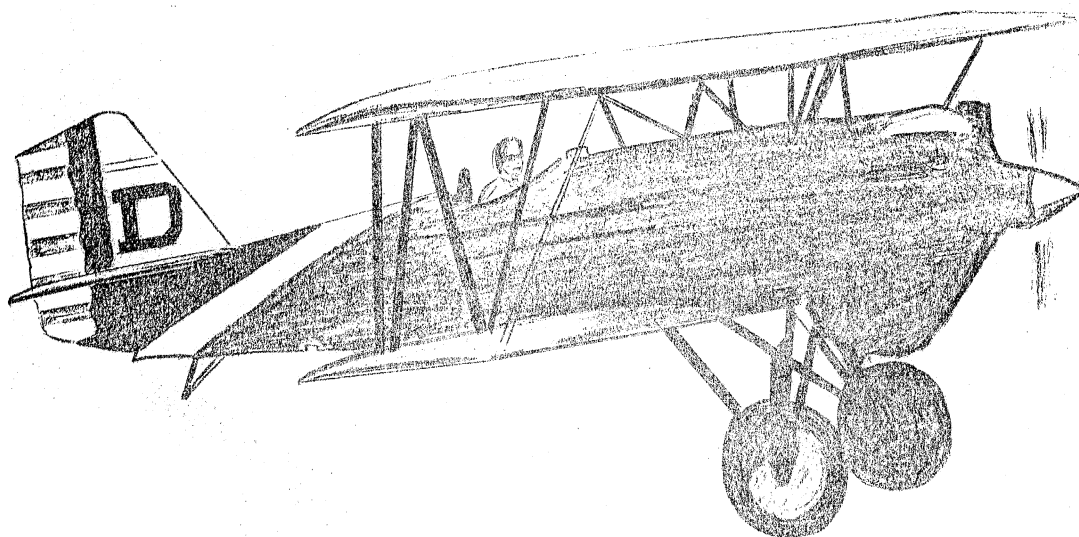
I'm sure you've heard of nightmares, and the things they do
 But if you'll come down to the line, you'll see they're far from true
 The pilots they are ready, but let their skipper shout
 And all those bastards yell at once, "My mags they won't check out!"

And then I'm sure you know of the leaders in the wing.
 Any night in the "O" Club you can hear how well they sing.
 With words they fight a hell of a war, they say they wanta go too
 But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do!

Oh, I fly the old Invader and Douglas says it's great
 But when it comes to fighting MiGs, those bastards just don't rate
 I was born to be a fighter, to grapple in the blue
 But when it comes to fightin' MiGs, I'll tell you what I will do!

Now when this war is over and we're back in the U.S.A.
 We'll fly the planes in all war games and do what the generals say
 But if we have another war and they give us the twenty-six
 To hell with all the general staffs, we won't get in that fix!

("Songs of the Friendly 8th")



MOTHER TAKE DOWN YOUR SERVICE FLAG

Mother take down your service flag
 Your son's in the S.O.S.
 He's S.O.L. but what the hell
 He never suffered less
 He may be thin but that's from gin
 Or else I miss my guess
 So mother take down your service flag
 Your son's in the S.O.S.

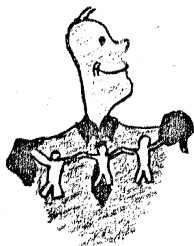
Mother put out your golden star
 Your son's going up in a Sop
 The wings are weak, the ship's a freak
 She's got a rickety prop
 The motor's junk, the pilot's drunk
 He's sure to take a flop
 So mother put out your golden star
 Your son's going up in the Sop.

EIGHT BUCKS A DAY

Open up the throttle till the needle hits the peg
 Eight bucks a day - Eight bucks a day
 Dive and roll and loop her till she's wingless as a keg
 Eight bucks a day is the pay
 Close the gate - Lock the door
 Cause we won't come back to Langley any more
 We'll land at every flying field to San Francisco Bay
 Eight bucks a day is the pay.

I WANT TO GO HOME (Air Service Stanza)

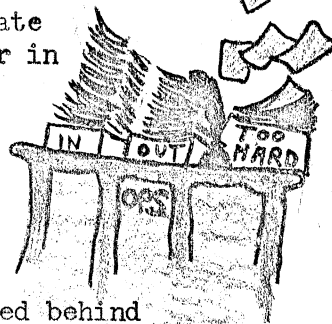
I want to go home! I want to go home!
 The gas tank is leaking, the motor is dead,
 The pilot is trying to stand on his head.
 Take me back to the ground; I don't want to fly upside down!
 Oh, my! I'm too young to die!
 I want to go home. 41 ("Songs of the Army Flyers")



JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS

Don't give me a P-38 with props that counter-rotate
They'll loop roll and spin but they'll soon auger in
Don't give me a P-38!

CHORUS: Just give me Operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home.



Don't give me a P-39 with an engine that's mounted behind
It will tumble and roll and dig a big hole
Don't give me a P-39!

Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk, about it the pilots all squawk
It flew like a sparrow but its gear was too narrow
Don't give me a Curtiss Warhawk!

Don't give me an old Thunderbolt, it gave many a pilot a jolt
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tug
Don't give me an old Thunderbolt!

Don't give me a F-Shooting Star, it'll go but not very far
It'll rumble and spout but soon will flame out
Don't give me a F-Shooting Star!

Don't give me an F-84, their pilots aren't here any more
They bombed in that crate, but they all pulled out late
Don't give me an F-84!

Don't give me an F-86 with wings like broken match sticks
They'll zoom and they'll hover but as for top cover
Don't give me an F-86!

Don't give me an eighty-six-D with overdrive and TV
She'll loop roll and spin but she'll soon auger in
Don't give me an eighty-six-D!

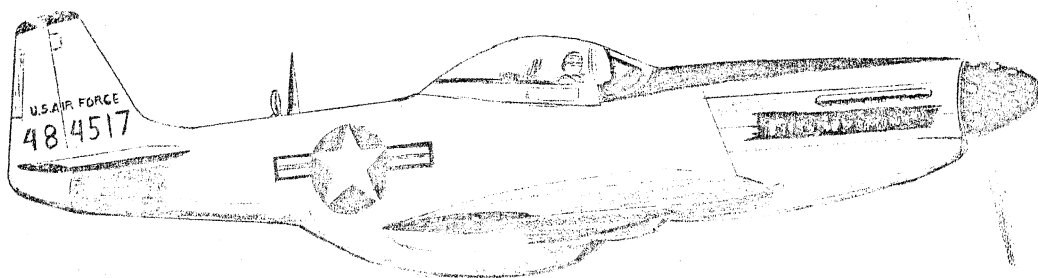
Don't give me an F-89, though "Time" says they really will climb
They're all in the States, all boxed up in crates
Don't give me an F-89!

Don't give me an F-94, it's never established a score
It may fly in weather but won't hold together
Don't give me an F-94!

Just give me an old Fifty-one, with praise for the work it has done
It's tried and it's true and will take care of you
Just give me an old Fifty-one!

FINAL CHORUS: Just give me my old Mustang
For defending democracy's cause
For I am too young to die
I just want to go home!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of the 357th")



HUTCH'S BALLAD

(Tune: Sure a Little Bit of Heaven)

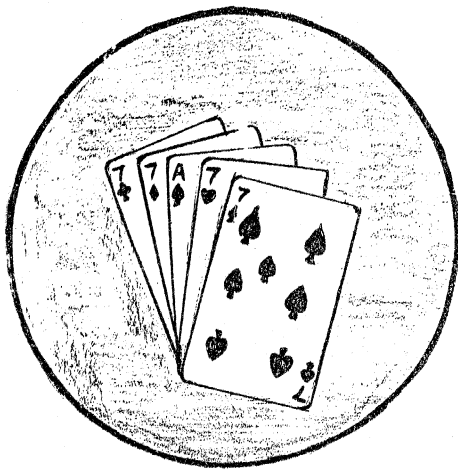
Sure, our target it was bunkers
Way out in the hills so grand
Located in Korea, right next to no-man's land
Our fans now they were G.I.'s
And they thought our Mustangs grand
As we circled o'er the target
Watching "Willie Peter" land.

But our controller was neurotic
Near the ground he wouldn't go
We toggled off our babies
And we watched them hit below
He had placed his rockets wildly
And he'd fouled the whole damn show
But when we got the grading
Sure it was Zero - Zero.

Sure a little bit of airplane fell
From out the sky one day
It landed west of Pyongyang
Not very far away
Comet Red won't be coming back
It made us very blue
But we went on to our target
And we dropped our babies true.

So, we sprinkled it with fifties
Just to keep their heads down low
Then we hurried back to S-2
To lie about our show
When you read it in the papers
All about the 18th's capers
You will know it's propaganda
For old Barcus, bless his soul.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")



HAIL YOU FIGHTER PILOTS

From Pohunkus, Tennessee
Came a bastard that was me
And my father shoveled snow
From off the street
Well, when I was very young
He found a diamond in the dung
And he sent me here to sing this song to you!

So hail, oh hail, you fighter pilots
Fill your glasses full of brew
And we'll have another glass
To the latest horses ass
In the squadrons of the yellow and the blue!

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got sixpence - jolly, jolly sixpence
I've got sixpence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to decieve me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the AIR FORCE gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home.

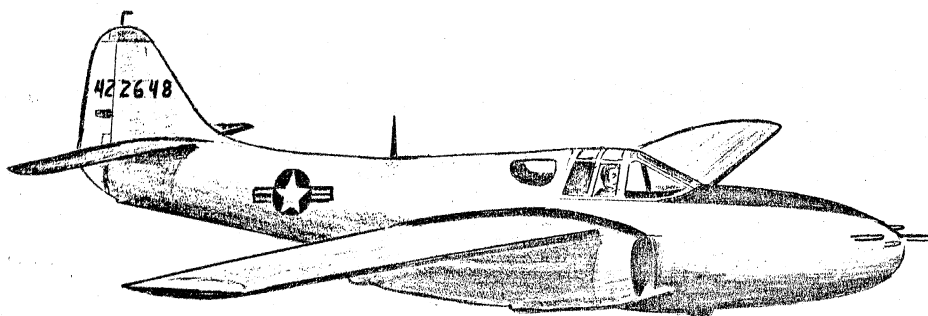
(The song "Hail You Fighter Pilots" was taught me by Lt. John Robertson who flew a tour with the 80th FBS in Korea. It is evidently an adaption of an old college fraternity song. "I've Got Six-Pence" is, of course, the traditional RAF song. The squadron insignia pictured above is that of the 77th Fighter-Bomber Squadron, 20th Fighter Bomber Wing. The 20th Group History of World War II, "King's Cliffe" says: "Due to the shortage of both pilots and airplanes, the squadron resorted to two ship elements for training purposes, and it is believed that this was the origin of that formation. This formation later gave birth to the idea for the Squadron insignia which consists of five playing cards arranged left to right in the order shown, its significance being that five cards represent the five year's expansion program of the Air Corps, by virtue of which the squadron was brought into being and that five pilots were assigned at the time of arrival of the first airplanes. Two sets of cards in pairs was typical of the formation used during the organization period and the seven was taken as a lucky number. The ace of spades has ever been a symbol of death and the spade predominates as a warning to all enemies. Lastly, the design is typical of the life of a pursuit pilot in actual combat - just a gamble. This insignia was approved August 29, 1931.)

THE FORMATION

Here's a health to the formation leader, a jolly good fellow is he
He uses three star navigation, and flies on Bacardi
Here's a health to the leader's two wingmen, to the gunner within his turrelle
Here's a health to the whole damn formation, we'll fly reviews in Hell!

("Songs of the Army Flyers," "The Three Hats")





RED NOSE MIGS

(Tune: Shrimp Boats)

Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 Not a Sabre in sight
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 And they want to fight
 Let's hurry, hurry home
 Oh won't you hurry, hurry home?
 Oh, the Red Nose MiGs are comin'
 Not a Sabre in sight!

MIG 15

(Tune: I T'ought I taw a Puttycat)

I t'ought I taw a MiG-15
 A tweeping up on me
 I did, I did, I taw him
 As big as he could be!

I am that great big MiG-15
 Ivan is my name
 And if I catch that '84
 I'll shoot him down in flame!

ON TOP OF OLD FUJI

(Tune: On Top of Old Smokey)

On top of old Fuji, all covered with snow
 I lost my jet pilot from flying so low
 He put on an air show, he did it for me
 At altitude zero he clobbered a tree
 With throttle wide open he made his last pass
 On top of old Fuji he busted his ass!

(All songs on this page from "Repulsive
 Rhapsodies," 58th Fighter-Bomber Wing)

THE MISSION

(Tune: The Thing)

I looked upon the schedule and was as happy as a king
For once I had a mission when I wasn't flying wing
I went down to the briefing room and my tiger blood went ping --
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!
For there sat Major Nichols and they had me on his wing!

The mission was all briefed to go at quarter after nine
Big Dog had given us all the poop, the weather was fine
"One word of advice," he said to us, "Though I hate to spoil your fun
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!
Stay out from in front of that MiG-15, it's got too big a gun!"

We were augerin' around away up there as watchful as could be
Reichman said, "Take a look at six and see what you can see."
I took a look at six o'clock and much to my surprise --
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!
I discovered a MiG-15, right before my eyes!

The cannon balls were flying around as thick as they could be
I took one look and said, says I, this ain't no place for me
I rolled it over and sucked it through and took it down below --
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!
Sayin' get out of here with that BOOM BOOM BOOM and don't come back no mo!

I shoved the throttle to the wall a runnin' for my life
Skelton said, "Come back you coward and join into the strife."
"Your ass," said I with quaking voice, "This ain't no place for me."
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!
So I racked it up and pulled it around and took it out to sea!

I rolled it out of that six-G turn out over the briny deep
That MiG could not have followed me cause I sure racked it steep
But when I looked back, oh there he sat, as fat as he could be --
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!
And he was shooting those cannon balls, and they were coming right at me!

I took a hit upon the wing, another in the tail
The way that Sabre was lurchin' around I'd surely have to bail
I braced myself and said a prayer and pulled the handle red --
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!
Oh, if I hadn't gotten out of that flaming wreck, I'd surely wound up dead!

The moral of this story is, if you're up in a fight
And you've got a MiG at six o'clock, and he's all tucked in tight
DON'T ever roll out or pull it up, that's my advice to you
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do
Cause you'll never get rid of the S.O.B. no matter what you do.

("Songs of the 357th Fighter-Interceptor
Squadron)



STRAFIN' ROUND THE MOUNTAIN

(Tune: She'll Be Comin' Round the Mountain)

Now listen all you airmen young and old
To the tale of fighter pilots young and bold
With their fighters painted yellow
Leaping off to contact Mellow
In the crisp Korean air so blue and cold.

It was dive bomb old Sinuiju, stop the Reds
Eight one thousand pounders loaded, instant heads
Four birds lined up on the runway
Wish I'd gone to church on Sunday
Hope we catch those lousy Commies in their beds.

Twenty thousand over Pyong Yang on Northwest
Gas Mask flight about to face the acid test
Till at last the Yalu River
Which makes my liver quiver
With flak guns lined up twenty-four abreast.

Dust clouds roll up from Antung 'cross the way
Twenty swept-wing Chinese war birds out to play
Thirty-sevens, twenty-threes
All lit up like Christmas trees
Tip tanks salvoed off we leap into the fray.

Kimpo tower clear the pattern in great haste
Twenty victory rolls our pilots do with grace
It was thrilling, it was hairy
Near that privileged sanctuary
Syngman Rhee will soon be president of this place.

Kimpo Tower, this is Gas Mask Willie Four
I am heading home, I'm through with this damn war
I am flying on to Taegu
Heading one-five-two to K-2
Cause they're sending back to Moscow for some more.

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing" by Lt.
"Rosie" Rosencrans)

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with flak
I lost my poor wing man, he'll never get back
For flying is pleasure, and dying a grief
And a quick-triggered Commie, is worse than a thief.

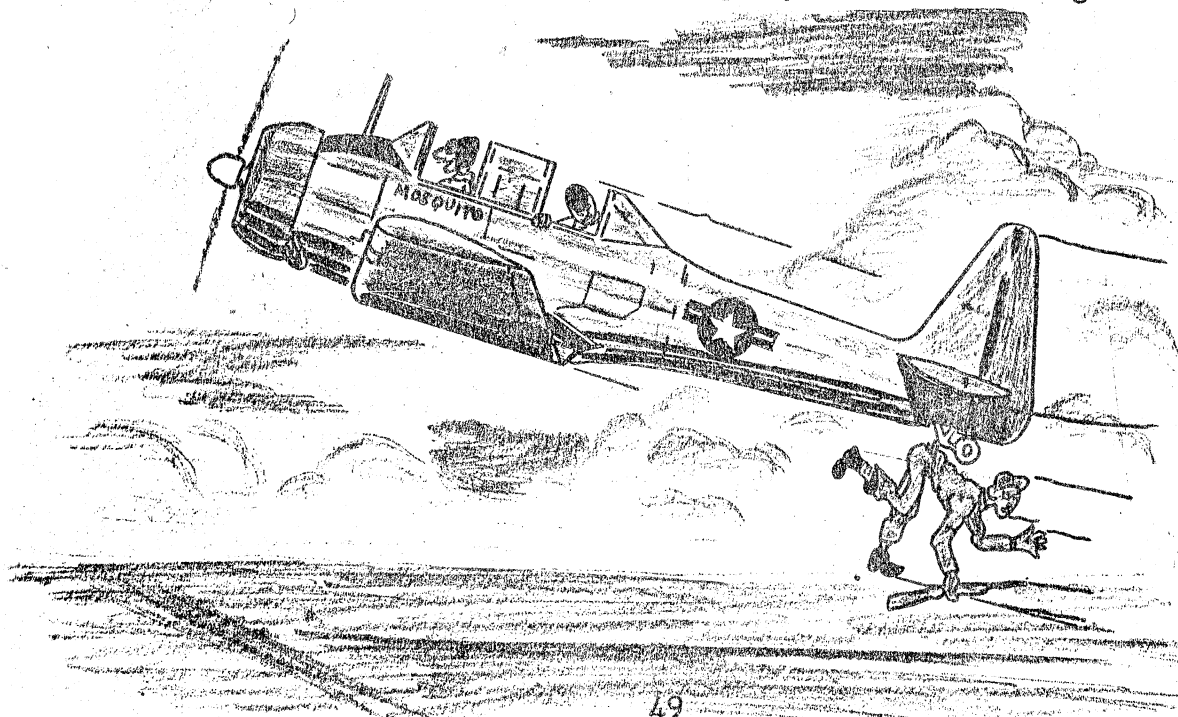
For a thief will just rob you and take all you save
But a quick-triggered Commie will send you to the grave.
The grave will decay you and turn you to dust
Not a Commie in a thousand can an old Mustang trust.

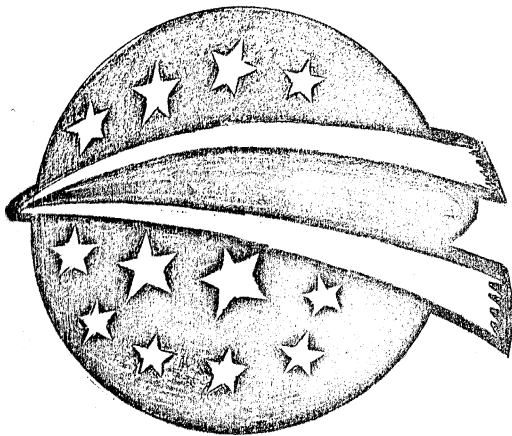
Now the moral of this story is easy to see
Don't go to Sinanju, or old Kuniri.

Now when the bad weather keeps the ships down
All day we can hear this, this horrible sound:
Attention all pilots - Now listen to this
There'll be a short meeting that you dare not miss.

They'll give us some lectures, then give us some more
But we have all heard them, twenty-five times or more.
Now listen you trainees, you can't fight the Group
Whatever they tell you is superfluous poop.

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")





A NAVY PRAYER

Our father who art in Washington
 Truman is thy name
 The Navy's done
 The Air Force won
 On the Atlantic as in the Pacific
 Give us this day our appropriations
 And forgive us our accusations
 As we forgive our accusers.
 Lead us not into temptation
 But deliver us from Matthews and Johnson
 For thine is the power
 The B-36 and the Air Force
 Forever and ever. Airmen.

("Songs of SOC")

FLEET AIR WING -- ALMA MATER

Monday I touched her on the ankle
 Tuesday I touched her on the knee
 Wednesday success, I histed up 'er dress
 And Thursday 'er chemise: Gor Blimey --
 Friday I put me 'and around 'er,
 Saturday she gave me ear a tweek
 But 'twas Sunday after dinner she made me out a sinner
 And now I'm payin' 'er six and seven a week.

I don't want to be a soldier
 I don't want to go to war
 I just want to hang around
 Picadilly on the ground
 Livin' off the waiges of an 'igh born laidy
 I don't want a bayonette up me backside
 Don't want me buttocks shot away
 For I'd rather be in England
 Bloody, Bloody, England
 And fornicate me bloody life away. Gor Blimey --

Call out the Army and the Navy
 Call out the Rank and the File
 Call out the dear old Territorials
 They can face the battle with a smile
 Call out the Boys of the Old Brigade
 Who made Old England free
 Call out your brother and your father and your mother
 But for Christ's sake don't call me.

("The Three Hats," Vol. I)

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (1)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

Oh, I lined up with the runway and headed for the ditch
I looked down at my prop, my God, it's in high pitch
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, how did I get there?

CHORUS: Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

I started in to buzz, I thought that I was clear
And when I clipped the flagpole, I knew the end was near
I met the flying board, and they gave me the works
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah, what a bunch of jerks!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing touched the ground
Got a call from Mobile, "Pull up and go around!"
I racked that (name of a/c) in the air a dozen feet or more
The bastard snapped, I'm on my back, oh save me (name of Sq CO)!

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
And when I made my final turn, My God, I racked it tight
The engine coughed and sputtered, the ship began to weave
Mayday, Mayday, Colonel (Wing CO), Spin instructions please!

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low
Came a call from tower, "One more and home you go!"
I pulled that (name of a/c) in the blue, she hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't be back this winter when the work's all done this fall!

Cruisin' down the Yalu doing six-fifty per
Gave a call to (name of flight leader), oh won't you save me sir?
Got two big flak holes in my wings, my tank ain't got no gas
Mayday, mayday, mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

Now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second verse!



(A favorite with many fliers, this song is evidently an adaption from a song about the Salvation Army in which the chorus runs: "Throw a nickel on the drum, save another drunken bum." The verses printed above are a composite of the versions appearing in the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Songs of the 325th," "Songs of the 20th Fighter-Bomber Group," "Songs of Nellis AFB," "Songs of the 357th.")

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S LIFE (II)

(Tune: Throw a Nickel on the Drum)

It was midnight in Korea, all the pilots were in bed
When up stepped Colonel _____, and this is what he said:
I hate this God damn place!
Mustangs, gentle pilots, Mustangs one and all
Mustangs, gentle pilots, and the pilots shouted, "Balls!"
Then up stepped a young Lieutenant with a voice as harsh as brass
"You can take those God Damn Mustangs Jack, and shove 'em up your ass!"

CHORUS: Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's life
Oh hallelujah, oh hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved!

Cruising down the Yalu doing three-twenty per
I called to my Flight Leader, "Oh won't you save me sir?"
Got two big flak holes in my wing, my tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - got six MiGs on my ass!

I flew my traffic pattern, to me it looked all right
My air speed read 130, My God, I racked it tight
I turned into the final, my engine gave a wheeze
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - Spin instructions please!

Fouled up my crosswind landing, my left wing hit the ground
Came a call from tower: "Pull up and go around."
Racked that Mustang in the air a dozen feet or more
I'm on my back, it's worse than flak, why did I use full bore?

Split S onto my bomb run, I got too God Damn low
I pressed the bloody button, let both my babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut - I hit a high-speed stall
Now I won't see my mother when the work's all done this fall!

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said "Skoshe ack ack"
But by the time I got there my wings were holed by flak
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no longer fly
Mayday - Mayday - Mayday - I am too young to die!

I bailed out from that Mustang, my landing was top line
With my E and E equipment I made for our front line
But when I opened up my ration tin to see what was in it
The God damn Quartermaster had filled the thing with shit.

Now in this Commie prison camp I am obliged to sit
For one cannot go very far on a ration tin of shit
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix for breakfast till I die!

("Songs My Mother Never Taught Me")

PUSAN U

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan Bay
We stepped into a local bar
To pass the time away.
I met a gal from old Chin Ju
She was a sight to view
I asked her where she came from
and she said, "Pusan U."

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
The finest school in all the land
The University that's grand
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

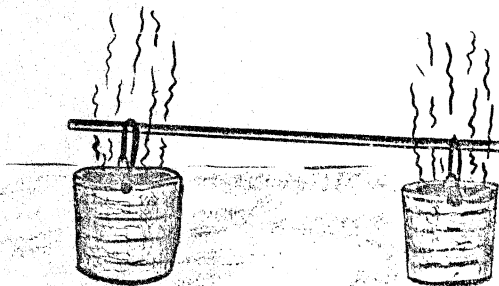

I enrolled in that great college
Founded by Kim Pac Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets
So they called it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific
But fortune saw me through
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

CHORUS: Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
Your course is good for engineers
A frames, ox carts pulled by steers
Oh Pusan U, Oh Pusan U
I hail my Alma Mater
Oh Pusan U, to you.

I saw a girl most beautiful
She was a sight to view
She won a beauty contest
She was crowned Miss Pusan U
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too
When asked to what she owes her fame
She says, "Oh Pusan U."

We have an A-1 baseball team
We will our games straight through
They ask us where we come from
And we say, "Pusan U"
We have a pitcher who is tops
Our batters are good too
And every time we come to bat
The crowd yells, "Pusan U!"

ENROLL
NOW



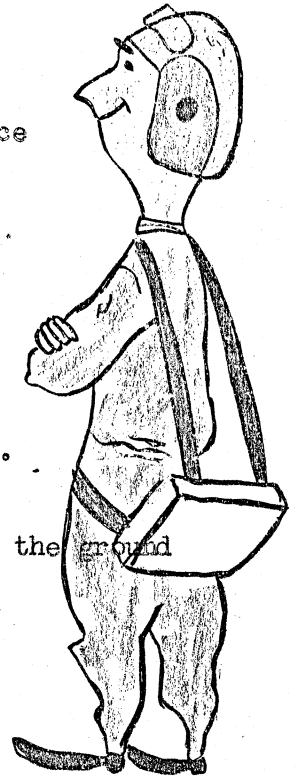
("Pusan U" seems to have originated with the Korean warriors and was evidently a universal favorite. It appears in the following song books: "Songs of the Friendly 8th," "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me," "Repulsive Rhapsodies.")

PASDE CALAIS

Now you can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur
Send me to Paris or a target in France
Any old place that I might have a chance
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur.

You may think I'm wacky
But I'm only slightly flacky
Don't send me over the Rhur
Now the alert's on the phone
And the target's Cologne
My God, that's on the edge of the Rhur.

Send me to Bremen or old Potsdam town
Any place you can see thru the flak to the ground
You can send me twice a day
To the Pasde Calais
But don't send me over the Rhur
For even when I'm starting
I'm planning on aborting
Don't send me over the Rhur.



("Songs of the 357th FIS")

IF YOU FLY

If you fly an 89 you must be dumb deaf and blind
For your life ain't worth a dime, what's your scheduled blow-up time?

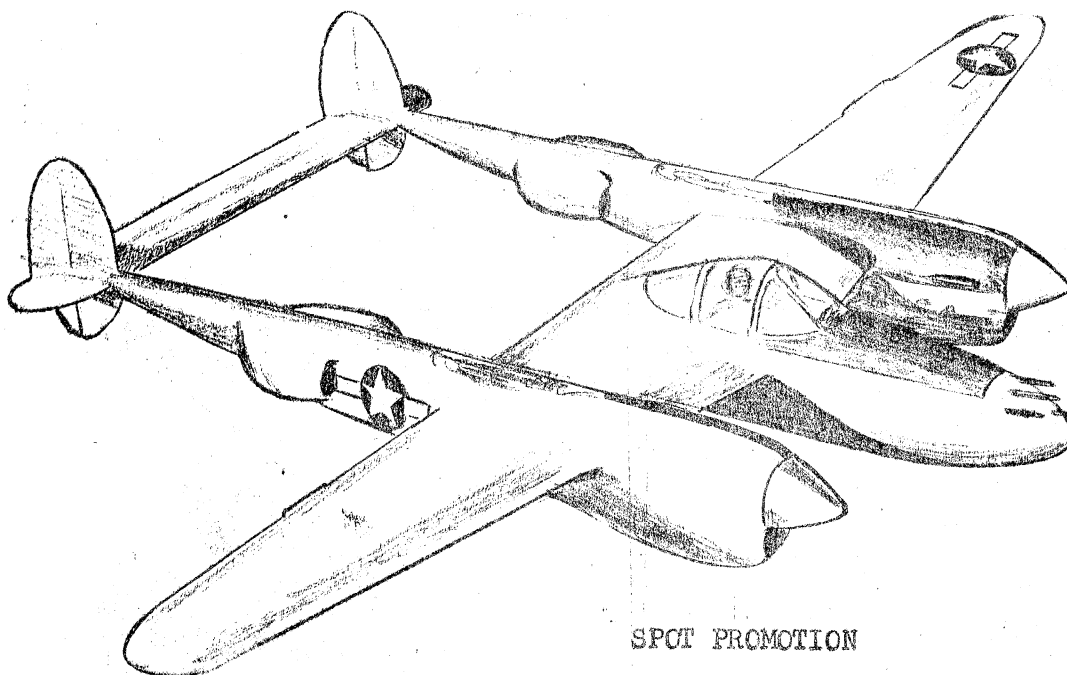
CHORUS: Will you go boom today? Will you go boom today?
Two blew up yesterday, Allison ain't here to stay.

If you fly an 86 you must really get your kicks
Bouncing the all-weather boys, playing with their radar toys.

If you fly a 94, you will never holler more
For your lot we don't pine, it's better than an eighty-nine.

If you fly a Thunderjet you will really have no sweat
For your life you will not pound, the clunker won't get off the ground.

("Songs of the 357th FIS," "Songs of the
325th FIS")



SPOT PROMOTION

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I've tried so hard, my friend, to think
That rank was worth a lot
But now you've gone and got yourself
Promoted to a spot
Your job is one that could be done
By any PFC
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get that spot for me?

You'll be a full bird soon, my friend
Of that I have no doubt
The T/O's being changed right now
They ripped it inside out
Lieutenant General, Wing CO,
The staff all gets one star
At least we'll have some rank around
To help us fight the war.

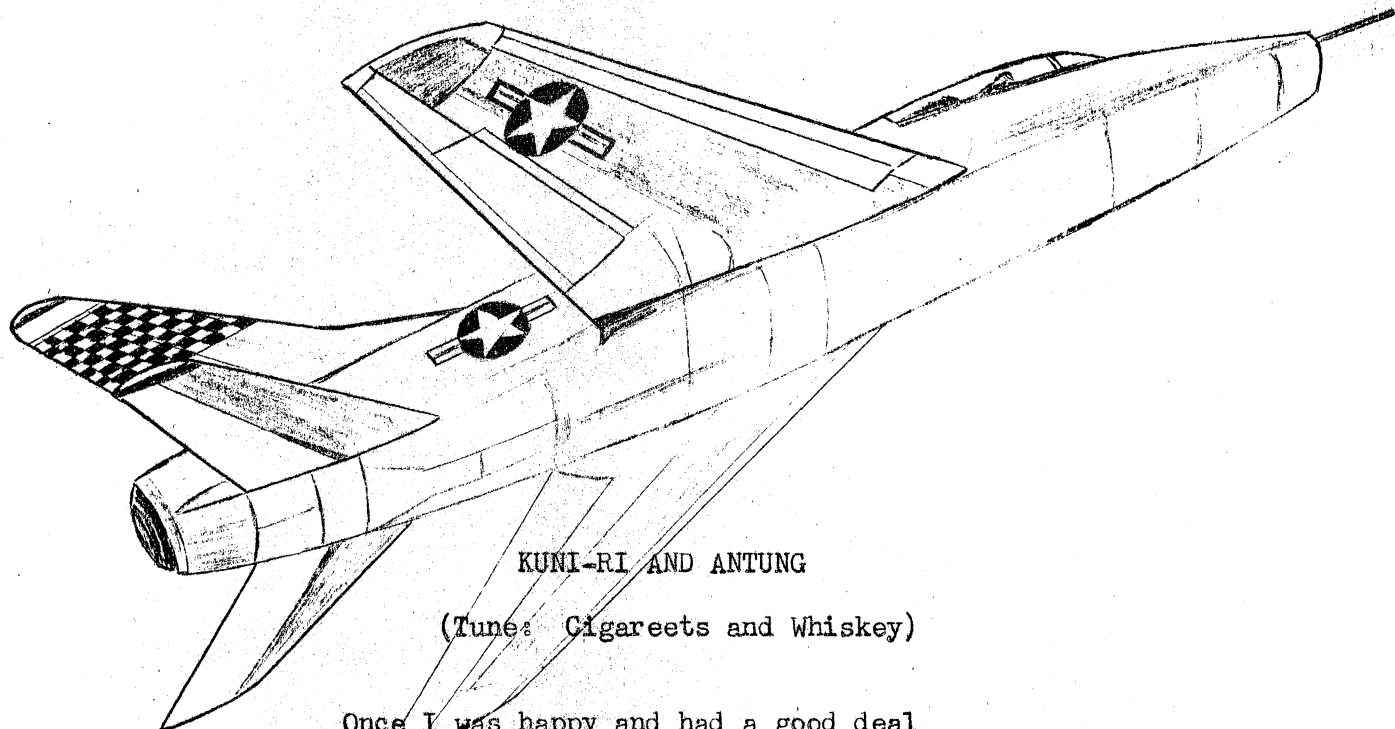
Another week or two in grade
We'll put you in again
You needn't wait to learn your job
That's for enlisted men
The only thing I envy is
The talent that you got
How can I get your ass shipped out
And get your open spot?

ODE TO THE B-29

(Tune: Whiffenpoof Song)

We are four little fans who have lost our way, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR,
We are four little fans who have gone astray, GROWR, GROWR, GROWR,
One third pilot out on the left, one third pilot out on the right,
"George" is flying with all his might! GROWR, GROWR, GROWR!!

("Songs of the 357th FIS")



KUNI-RI AND ANTUNG

(Tune: Cigarettes and Whiskey)

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Flew Fox-eighty-sixes at old Victorville
They asked for a volunteer, said "I'll take you"
The next thing I knew I was stuck in Taegu!

CHORUS: Kuni-ri and Antung, and Wild Wild Pyong-yang
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

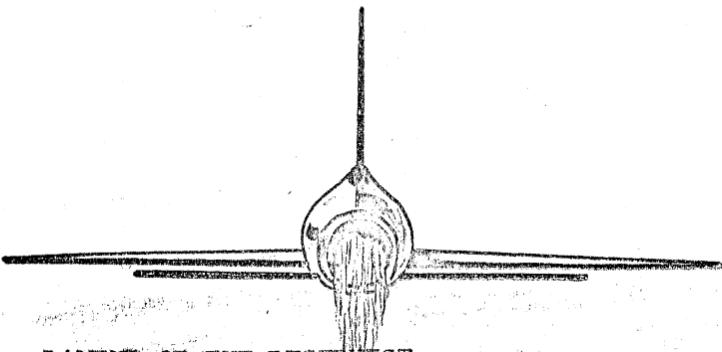
We go down to briefing while it is still night
We lift off the runway before it is light
We form in the gloom and we're off on our way
We're over the target before it is day.

We're up to the Yalu, there's cons overhead
We think of the Wheels who are snug in their beds
We drop our big tips and we break to the right
"Josie" we cry with all of our might!

We steer on 280, we're up in the soup
We swear that the leader is doing a loop
Break out in the clear and set down on K-2
Be careful or Willy will write about you!

If I fly a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to jam it - my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a wing job - a desk and a chair!

("Songs of the Forty-Ninth
Fighter-Bomber Group")



LAMENT OF THE RESERVIST

(Tune: Cigaretts and Whiskey)

I was a civilian and flew on weekends
No sweat about clanks and no sign of the bends
But I am a retread and older I grow
Now I fly a Mustang, it's old and it's slow.

CHORUS: Sinuiju and Anak, Sinanju and Sinnak
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane
Quad fifties and forties, and one hundred sorties
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive you insane!

Oh, once I was happy and I flew a jet
At 35,000 how fat can you get?
They sent me to Nellis for six weeks to train
They gave me a Mustang, it's no aero-plane!

We strafed and we bombed and we shot air to air
Then off to Korea, we're fouled up for fair
We came to K-Four-Six to fly with this Group
My hair's turning gray and my wings have a droop!

I flew my first mission and it was a snap
Just follow the leader, don't look at a map
But now I've got eighty and lead a sad flight
Go out on armed recce and can't sleep at night!

Went up to MiG Alley, S-2 said no sweat
If I had not looked 'round, I'd be up there yet
Six MiGs jumped our ass and the Leader yelled "Break!"
Sixty-one and three thousand, how my knees did shake!

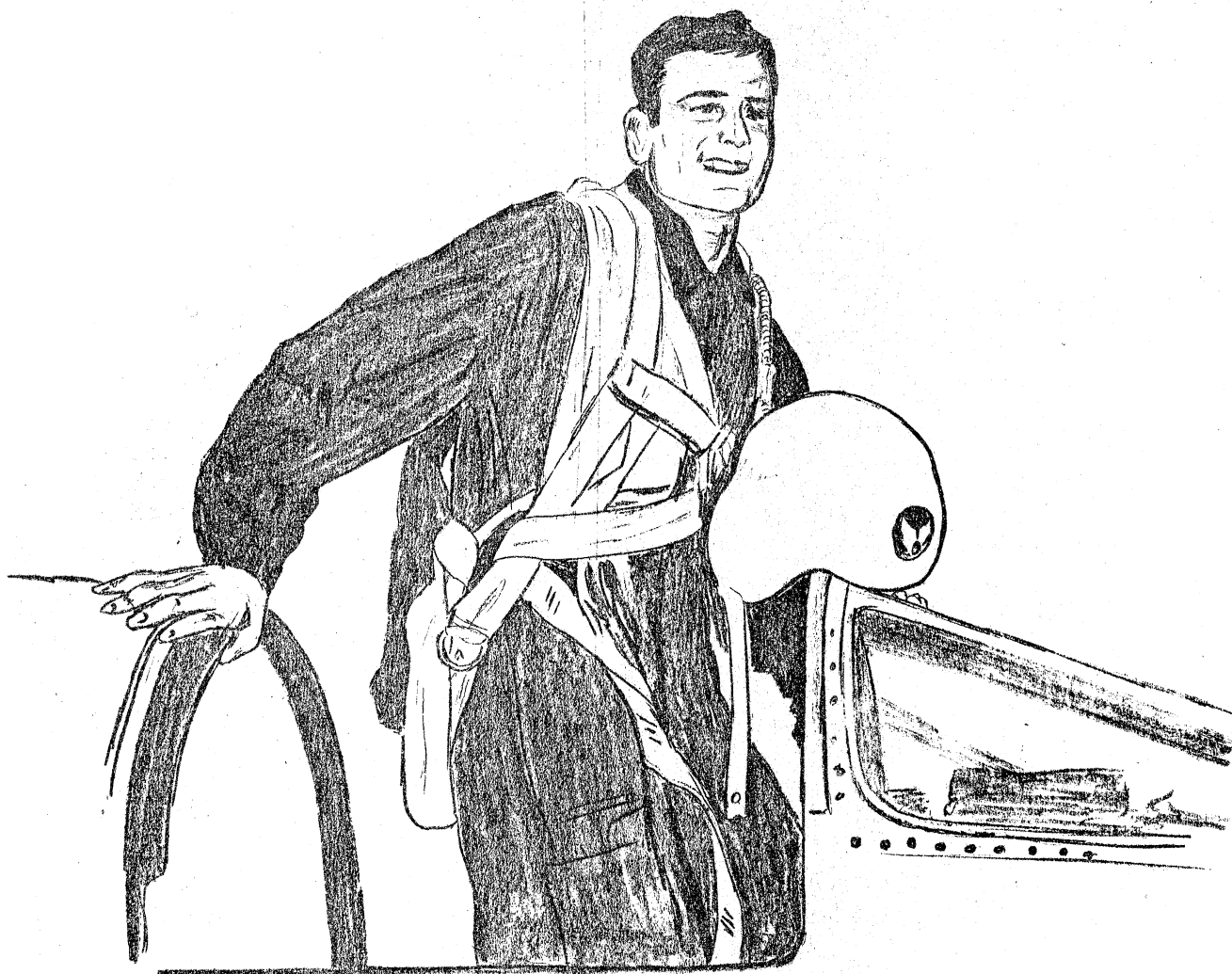
If I live through a hundred and they ask for more
I'll tell them to shove it, my ass is too sore
They can ram it and jam it for all that I care
Just give me a Wing job, a desk and a chair!

(The above version of "Lament of the Reservist" is reprinted from "Songs My Mother Never Taught Me." Similar versions appear in "Songs of the 357th" and "Songs of Nellis AFB.")

. HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

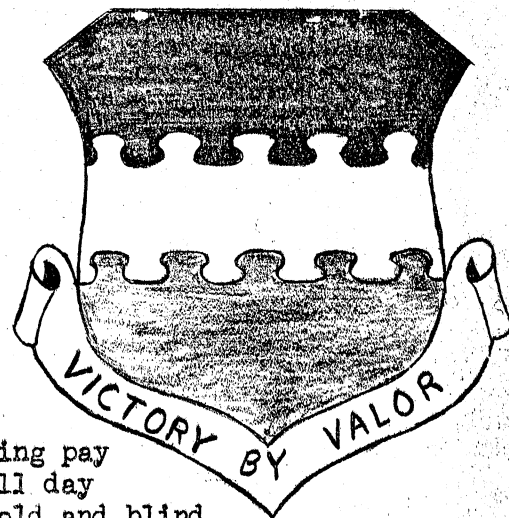
Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps
Hail to all the airmen who braved the skies before
We're on the road to victory, thumbs up forever more
Hail to the squadrons flying high
Hail to the men who rule the sky
Hail to the Army, the Army Air Corps.

("Songs of the Army Flyers," "Songs of SOC")



WARNING

COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE



Come on and join the Air Force, and get your flying pay
You never have to work at all, just fly around all day
While others toil and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

CHORUS: You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force.
And you will never mind!

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you will never mind!

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, and you will never mind!

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit
You see your prop come to a stop, the God Damn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind!

I fly up to the Yalu in my F-eighty-six
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in your TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself 'cause I will shit and git!

Oh, someday you'll meet a MiG-15, he'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind!

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundling's point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind!

(It is interesting to note that the version appearing in "Songs of the Army Flyers" which was published in 1935 and those in the books published during the Korean War are practically identical. Instead of a Fokker shooting you down, it's a MiG-15. The verses above are from the following books: "Repulsive Rhapsodies," "GI SONGS" "Songs of the Army Flyers," "Songs of Nellis AFB," "Songs of the 357th.")

TOO LONG AT ITAZUKE

Too long at Itazuke
Look just like a little gook
Eyes that slant, nose that's flat
Speak Japanese, "You caught a muskrat"
Me work in rice-paddy
Go Geisha house and drink saki
Me jo-to Number One Japanese boy-san!

MEET ME IN KYOTO

(Tune: Meet Me In St. Louis)

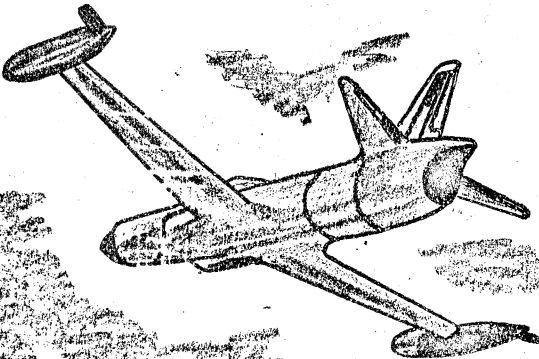
Meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine
Take your shoes off when you enter
Or you'll pay a fine
We will have some Sukiyaki
Then we'll have a cup of Saki
If you'll meet me in Kyoto Moto
Meet me at the shrine!

ITAZUKE ORT

(Tune: When You Wore A Tulip)

When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT
Other pilots went to briefing
We stayed in the sack a'sleeping
Hotter stones you'll never see
We were hotter than tabasco when Group pulled each fiasco
We excelled in proficiency
When you flew a Mustang, and I flew a Mustang
In the Itazuke ORT!

(All songs from "Songs of the 8th
Fighter-Bomber Wing")



THE FAIRCHILD ABORTION

(Tune: Strawberry Roan)

Out on the flight line one cold sunday morn
Sat the Fairchild Abortion all battered and torn
The wings were sagging, the tires were flat
The Form One had a red line, I'll bet you on that.

We fired up both engines with mixtures full rich
And took to the runway with that son of a bitch
We pushed on power, the farted and stalled
And got off the runway, no airspeed at all.

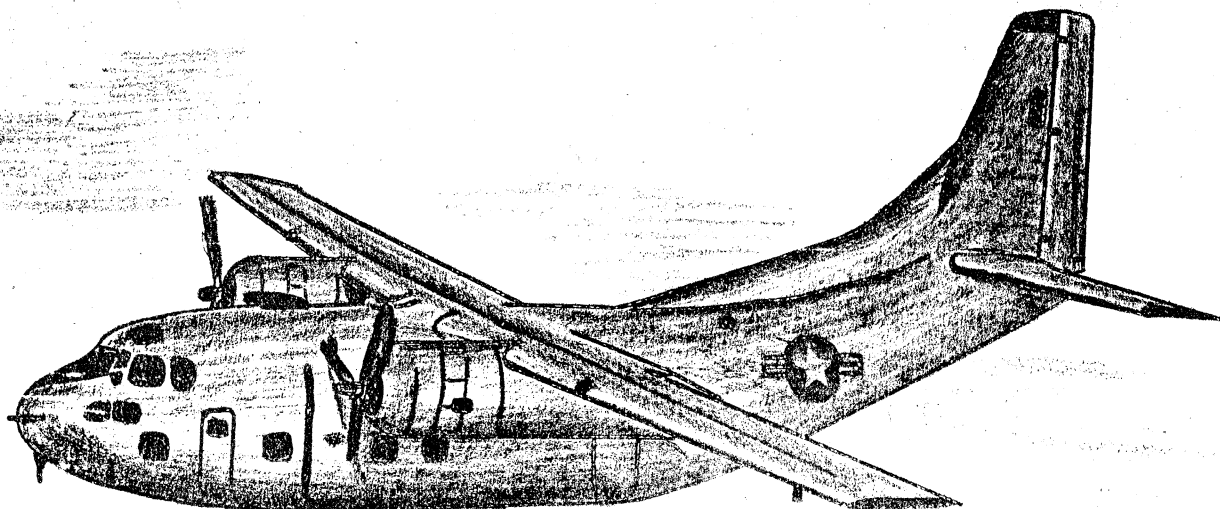
We call to the tower, "Single engine," we say
"What the Hell," said the tower, "We got them all day."
"Go Around," said the tower, "We can't let you land
We got Gooks on the runway dragging off sand."

We milked up the flaps, and rolled in the trim
Over the tree tops that old wreck she did skim
We turned on final and free fell the gear
The Engineer murmured, "Please have no fear."

The pilot was scared, the co-pilot too
The Engineer had all he could do
The runway was coming and coming up fast
One third of the runway had already passed.

We pulled off power and she settled in fast
That One-twenty-three had landed at last!

(309th Troop Carrier Group)





AIN'T IT A BLOODY SHAME?

We were fat back in the Truman's
Drinking beer, and sometimes wine
When they said, "You're going over
To Korea's fighting line."

We were young and we were eager
To get one hundred and go home
But they slipped the finger to us
And left us here - far o'er the foam.

Now they sit in FEAF Headquarters
Making rules so much unkind
It's the same the whole world over
Isn't it a bloody shame!

Shed a tear when you think of us,
Sitting here on old K-2
While you sleep with all our sweethearts
As we fly the old Yalu.

("Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group,"
by E.S.W.)

BARNACLE BILL THE PILOT

(Tune: Barnacle Bill The Sailor)

The Air Corps is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an Aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden.

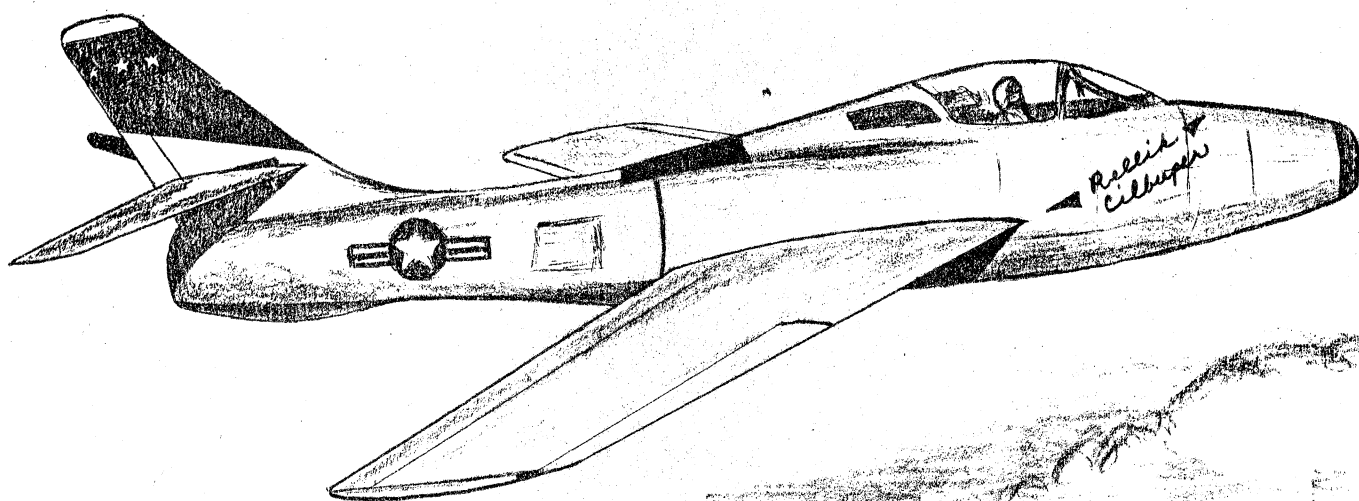
I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill, the Aviator
I'll fly this ship till I've had enough, said Bill, the Aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel-roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator.

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden.

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the Aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyer's grin, roared Bill, the Aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill, the Sailor.

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

("The Three Hats," Volume II)



SONG OF THE 18TH

(Tune: Wreck of the Old 97)

It's a long, long road from Pusan to Pyong-yang
And the mountains are high and wide
If my engine quits, you can write off a Mustang
Cause I'm fixing to go over the side!

Col. McBride led his boys on a mission
And the Chinks started throwing up flak
He said, "Run 'em up, boys, and we'll clean out our engines
And the drinks are on the last one to get back."

Close support is a damn fine sortie
Cause you work so close to the troops
You get hit twelve times by a '20 or a '40
And your engine coughs and sputters and poops.

So you hit the silk and you land in a meadow
And the Chinks start blazing away
And a 'copter comes along and picks up your elbow
Registration boys will find the rest some day.

It's a damn fine war and I love every mission
And I guess I'm here to stay
But I'd rather shag a broad by suggestive coition
Or catch the clap in old Santa Fe.

(Contributed by Lt. Jim Daleo)

THE INVADER

Oh, the Invader is a very fine airplane
Constructed of steel and tin
It will do over three hundred level
The plane with the tailwind built in!
Oh, why did I join the Air Force
Mother, dear Mother knew best
For here I lie in the wreckage
Invader all over my chest!

BLACKBIRDS

(Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Here we stand on the ground
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds . . .
Go in low and come out fast,
Keep those fighters off our . . . necks
We fly blackbirds.

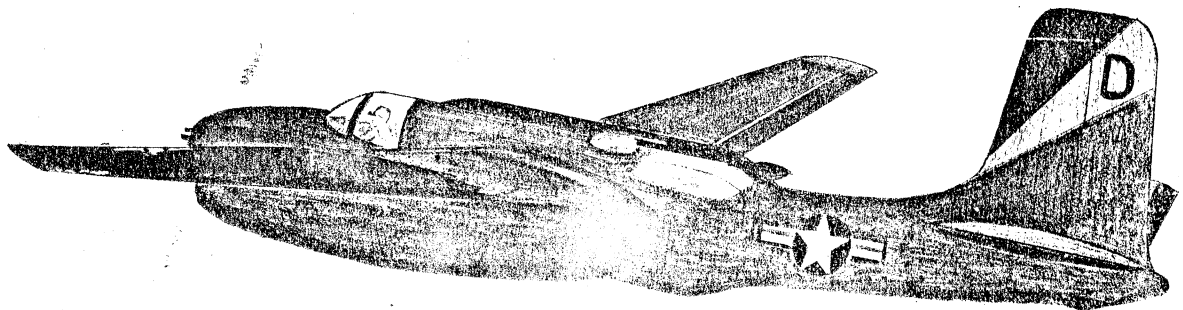
No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarky they hand us
Mix those drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.

FLAK IN THE NIGHT

From Kunsan to Anju, from Pyongyang to Yangdok
Wherever the red trucks go
I've been on some tough routes, and had me some rough bouts,
But there is one thing I know:
The Red Balls will get you, they're worrisome things,
That lead you to sing the flak in the night.

Hear the 8th a-calling, hear the 13th bawling
Dentist, oh Dentist, oh Bromide, oh Bromide
Oh Snowflake, oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix
I'm lost in the night . . .

("Songs of the Friendly Eighth")





NAPALM

(Tune: The Good Ship Titanic)

It was up by Sopori where the Yalu meets the sea
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a farmer man with his pitchfork in his hand
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit the farmer)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when my napalm went down!

It was up by Kuniri where I won my D.F.C.
I was out on a recce to see what I could see
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when those rockets went down (Hit the steeple)
All the people ran like hell
When those rockets hit the bell
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Sinanju when I knew that I was through
The 50's and 40's had shot my turbine through
It was when I hit the silk - oh my God I strained my milk!
It was sad when that pilot went down!

CHORUS: It was sad, oh it was sad
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit the bottom)
There were husbands and wives
(Itty bitty children lost their lives)
It was sad when that pilot went down.

("Songs of the 49th Fighter-Bomber Group"
with additional verse by Capt. Clayton
Silliman)

THE FIGHTING 68TH

(Tune: McNamara's Band)

We're here to tell a story of Squadron 68
Came over from Ashiya to join the Fighting Eighth
They're sitting here before us, tapping up the brew
They don't belong in a Fighter Group, but what can Chitty do?

CHORUS: La da da da - What can he do?
La da da da - What can he do?
La da da da - What can he do?
Oh, they don't belong in a fighter group
But what can Chitty do?

They fly their old nite fighters, they take off after dark
They don't know what they're doing, they're just out for a lark
They never brief, they always beef, fly strictly on a hunch
Their call should be "Banana" cause they fly in such a bunch!

You know we also fly at night, thank God the times are few
We often hear nite fighters saying "Moonshine, is that you?"
"Moonshine, this is Feminine, this is Feminine I say
Won't you tell those nasty Shooting Stars to land, they're in our way!"

("Songs of the 8th Fighter Wing")

THE OLD BOMBARDMENT GROUP

Fill that barrel up - We'll drink a loving cup - To bombers one by one
Drown your sorrow and forget tomorrow - For tomorrow never comes
Here's a health to Anti Aircraft - Here's a bumper to Pursuit, God help them
Join in all of you - We'll drink a barrel to the Old Bombardment Group.

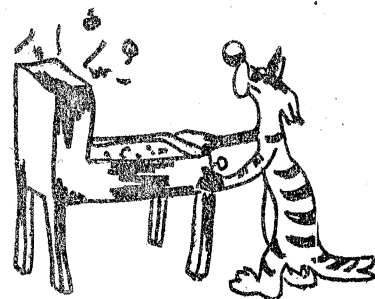
("Songs of the Army Flyers," "The Three Hats")

RAIL CUTTERS

(Tune: Cold, Cold Heart)

I tried so hard, Wild Bill, to cut
That streak of railroad track
But I'm afraid that all I did
Was dodge that flying flak
I know that one is all it takes
To blow my ass apart
Why can't I get just one rail cut
And melt your cold, cold heart?

("Repulsive Rhapsodies")



MY DARLING 39

(Tune: My Darling Clementine)

In the cockpit of the cobra
Trying hard to reach the line
But alas my engine faltered
Fare thee well my 39!

CHORUS: Oh my darling, oh my darling
Oh my darling 39
You are lost and gone forever
Fare thee well my 39.

When you're spinning very flatly
And you've got a worried mind
That's all brother, hit the jumpsack
Bid farewell to your 39!

All the brass hats in our Congress
They have signed the dotted line
They are lucky they just bought it
They don't fly the 39!

("Songs of SOC")

OLD SOLDIERS NEVER DIE

Old soldiers never die, never die, never die
Old soldiers never die, they just fade a---way.
Old sailors never buy, never buy, never buy
Old sailors never buy, they just sail away.
Old pilots never fly, never Fly, never fly
Old pilots never fly, they just draw their pay!

("Songs of the Army Flyers")

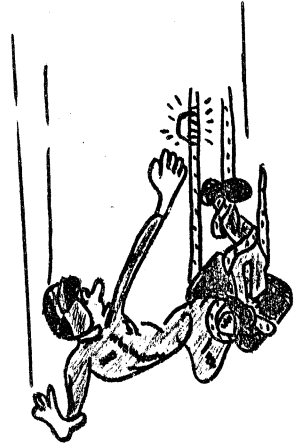
MOVEN ON

When you hear the patter of tiny feet
It's the 49th in full retreat
They're moven on, they'll soon be gone
They've pushed around just long enough
They're moven on.

Hey GI you pissed off me
What's the matter you got no VD
I'm moven on, I'll soon be gone
Heney bucket turned over in the middle of the road
I'm moven on.

Mama-san moven down the track
With a GI baby strapped on her back
She's moven on, she'll soon be gone
If she catches GI papa-san
He'll be moven on!

("Repulsive Rhapsodies")



AIR CORPS LAMENT

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Corps gone to hell.

CHORUS: Glory Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Oscify the man who breaks one
The Air Corps gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throbs, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty Airborne Legion sent to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Corps gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-boats when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell.

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lovely flying Fortress and the Liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell.

You have heard your bounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its moanin' groanin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Har Arnold built a fighter plane that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Corps gone to hell.

("Songs of the 357th FIS")

PILOT'S LAMENT

(Tune: If I Had The Wings Of An Angel)

Now listen all you pilots and you airmen
We will tell you a story sad but true
Of many who wear wings but are not happy
Gather 'round while we sing this song to you!

The many who wear wings but are not happy
Wear a smile on their lips, not in their hearts
They're overjoyed to wear the badge of an airman
But are sad in getting off to such bad starts.

A reason there must be for discontentment
Why the gloom as dark as any a blacked-out loop
Just ask them one and all and they will tell you
I'm not a member of the _____ Fighter Group!

TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS HOME TO THE FOLKS

Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Whatta you gonna do with a drunken pilot
Early in the morning?

Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Put him in the nose of a B-47 bomber
Early in the morning.

We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
We're going to bomb the sick and wounded
Early in the morning.

We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
We're gonna bomb the old and decrepit
Early in the morning.

Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
Ten thousand dollars home to the folks
An engine goes ka-flovey - another pilot croaks
And it's ten thousand dollars home to the folks.

(Both songs from "Songs of the 8th
Fighter-Bomber Wing")

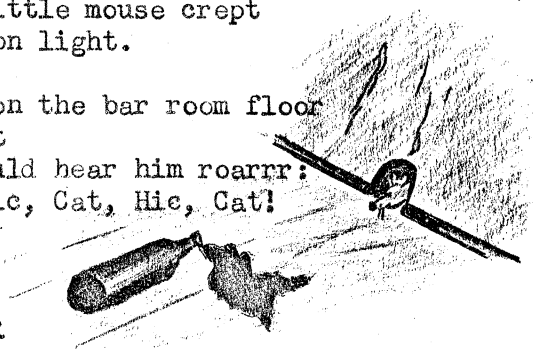


THREE DRINKING SONGS

(Tune: The Girl I Left Behind Me)

Oh..... The liquor was spilt on the bar room floor
And..... The bar was closed for the night
When.... Out of his hole the little mouse crept
And..... He sat in the pale moon light.

He..... Licked up the liquor on the bar room floor
Then.... On his haunches he sat
And..... All night long you could hear him roarr:
"Bring On Your God Damn Cat, Hic, Cat, Hic, Cat!"



ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

If all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I was a ram, I would make them run faster

CHORUS: So roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon!

If all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I was a hare, I would teach them bad habits

If all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee, I would buzz them for hours

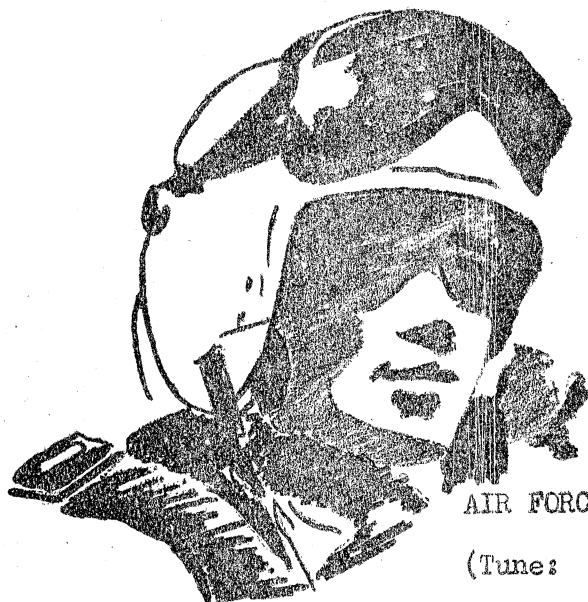
If all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster, I would give them the dickens

If all little girls were like little ole turtles
And I was a turtle, I'd get in their girdles

CHICKEN SONG

(SOFT) We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
We had some chickens, no eggs would they lay
My wife said, honey it's striking me funny
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay
One day a rooster flew into the yard
And caught the chickens right off their guard

(LOUD) They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to do
Ever since that rooster flew into the yard.



AIR FORCE HYMN

(Tune: Quebec)

Lord, guard and guide the men who fly
Thro' the great spaces of the sky
Be with them traversing the air
In darkening storms or sunshine fair.

Thou who doth keep with tender might
The balanced birds in all their flight
Thou of the tempered winds, be near,
That, having Thee, they know no fear.

Control their minds with instinct fit
What time, adventuring, they quit
The firm security of land;
Grant steadfast eye and skillful hand.

Aloft in solitudes of space,
Uphold them with Thy saving grace
O God, protect the men that fly
Thro' lonely ways beneath the sky.

(Words by Many Hamilton, 1915.
Copied from AIR FORCE TIMES,
16 October 1954)



"I know that I shall meet my fate
Somewhere among the clouds above
Those I fight I do not hate
Those I guard I do not love....
Nor law, nor duty bade me fight
Nor public men, nor cheering crowds
A lonely impulse of delight
Drove to this tumult in the clouds
I balanced all, brought all to mind
The years to come seem waste of breath
A waste of breath the years behind
In balance with this life, this death."

An Irish Airman Forsees His Death

72 by William Butler Yeats